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SKETCHES
OF SHORT TOURS
AT HOME & ABROAD.

BY
REV! T. H. CLARK.

1/6

SECOND SERIES







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Sketches of Short Tours.





#### SECOND SERIES OF

# Sketches of Short Cours

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

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REV. T. H. CLARK, M.A.,

LONDON:

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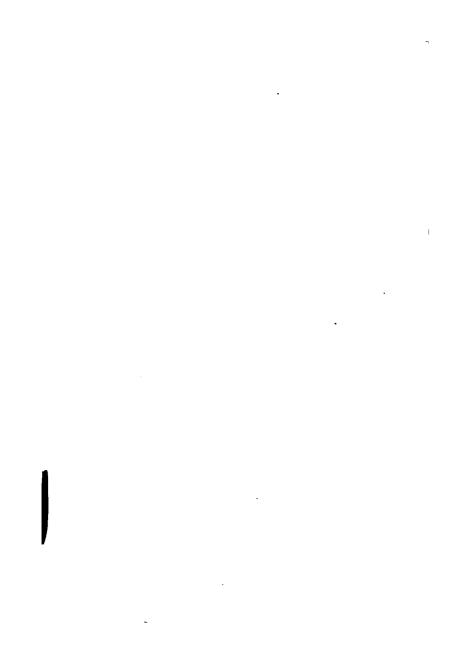
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As my First Volume of Sketches of Short Tours, reprinted from the *Clifton Chronicle*, proved interesting to many friends and others, I have ventured to publish a Second Series. The fact of some of the Tours being only two or three days in length will account for the number accomplished in the space of five years.

T. H. C.

CLIFTON, January, 1883.



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#### SECOND SERIES

OF

## SKETCHES OF SHORT TOURS

### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

### A VISIT TO NEWQUAY, CORNWALL.

1878.



HAD long been desirous of seeing this distant watering-place, which is gradually becoming a favourite with Bris-

tolians. Accordingly, I resolved to give up two days to visiting it in company with one of my companions in travel. We reached Plymouth soon after midnight, and found comfortable quarters at the Duke of Cornwall hotel, close to the station.

At seven the next morning we took the train for Par, a station between Liskeard and Truro. On entering the carriage I was saluted by an old Berkshire friend who was going to Lo, and went with us as far as Menheniot station. Doublebois is the name of another station which we passed. The scenery is fine nearly all the way, and those who are nervous are likely to tremble as they look down into the deep richly-wooded valleys from the wooden viaducts over which the train passes rapidly.

We arrived at Par about half-past eight, and walked to the station of the Mineral railway, which was to take us to Newquay, a distance of twenty miles. Quarries, china clay works, and steam tin-works, abound in this neighbourhood, which is also well wooded. A magnificent and lofty aqueduct, built by the late Mr. Treffry, and bearing his coat of arms, crosses the railway a few miles from Par. Afterwards the country becomes less interesting. Some of the stations have curious names, such as Halloon and Bugle. We heard sad accounts of the distressed condition of many of the miners in Cornwall. Let us hope that better times are at hand.

We found ourselves in Newquay about half-past ten. It is a long straggling place, and you have no good view till you arrive at Prout's hotel, which is just above the harbour.

Here you look upon several sandy bays formed by lofty cliffs, which project at different points. The beach immediately under the town is the favourite bathing place of the ladies, who prepare their toilet under the shelter of the rocks and caverns, there being no bathing machines. As you walk along the street almost every visitor you meet is carrying a small bundle of bathing The gentlemen go to the Fistrel clothes. beach, which is separated from the former by Towan Head and Beacon. Here sandhills take the place of cliffs. Many visit the headland to view the dashing of the billows against it. The day we were there the sea was calm, but there was a ground swell, and the beautiful clear green waves were breaking majestically upon the cliffs of the Newquay beach. steep road from the town to the beach is pleasantly shaded by a few large trees. country around is not very pleasing, but we got a boy to guide us to a valley behind the town, the path to which lay through fields. It is called Trenance, and affords the one pleasant walk in the neighbourhood. I asked a gentleman whether the air was bracing, and he replied in the affirmative, giving as a reason that the place faced the north-west, though it

is stated in the guide book that it is sheltered from the north-westerly gales by the Beacon and headland. I do not wonder that it is a favourite place with young and old: the rocks. the caverns, and the sands are all attractive. Then the difficulty of getting to it, perhaps. gives it an additional charm. I hardly know how it is generally approached. There is no train between nine in the morning and eight at night from Par to Newquay. I believe many go to Grampound Road station, and then post it, or take a public conveyance, if there is one. The hotel to which I have referred is highly commended, and we can speak well of it. We remained about three hours in the place, and got a very fair idea of The church is quite modern, and I was told that there is nothing extreme about the services. Our object was to reach St. Columb Major that night, to be ready for the London and South Western coach, which starts from that place at a quarter to nine in the morning. having arrived there from Launceston about nine the previous evening. We were told of a short cut across the sands and over the cliffs. so we got a boy just to start us on our way, and to carry the small bags which we had with

us. We secured a bathe en route, and had some little difficulty in getting round one of the rocky promontories, as the tide had not receded sufficiently to admit of our walking on the sand all the way. We were somewhat dismayed, in ascending the path over the cliff, to find ourselves confronted by high iron railings with rather sharp points, and a padlocked gate. We were told afterwards that there was another path, but we did not see it, so one of us climbed over, and the other managed to get round the end of the railings, just at the edge of the cliff. We found ourselves in the grounds of Glendorgal House, the summer residence of Mr. Vivian, M.P., but none of the family were there, and a number of men were at work both at the house and in the grounds.

We were now at Porth, a favourite place of resort, I should think, for those sojourning at Newquay, on account of its cliffs and caverns. There is a small hotel there, and what appeared to be newly built lodging-houses. Our road was now over the cliff for a short distance, and we then turned inland to reach Mawgan in the Vale of Llanherne. This part of the road was not interesting, but we were amply rewarded when we descended into the beauti-

fully wooded valley in which this charming village is situated. The ancient church has a handsome tower, and there is a curiously sculptured cross in the churchyard. Another object of interest here is the nunnery, part of which is ancient. The nuns never leave the convent, and no one ever sees them in it. The place which they occupy in the chapel is screened off, and their faces are never seen even by the officiating priest. We visited the chapel, and heard some nuns chanting vespers behind the grating. There is a large garden surrounded by high walls, in which they take exercise. Hence a poet named Stokes exclaims—

"Gloomy Llanherne! Thy misanthropic walls Strangely with this glad scenery contrast."

We were told, however, that the poor of all denominations received much assistance from this establishment during the winter. The place to be visited near here is the beautiful cave of Bedruthen Steps, which is seven miles from Newquay. To reach this we took a field path, following a stream, to Mawgan Porth, and then turned to the right over the cliffs. A walk of a mile brought us to a point from

which we could look down upon what is considered about the finest cliff and rock scenery in Cornwall. One special feature is the number of large rocks rising up from the sand, the most remarkable being the Queen Bess rock. so called from its resemblance to that monarch. As it was getting dark we did not descend to to the Steps, and the tide was too high for them to be seen to advantage. A trap had come by road from Mawgan to meet us. and we returned in it to the village. The inn is a favourite place of resort for Londoners and others, and a great gloom had just been cast over it by the death of a young man who had been drowned the week before when bathing. The family of the landlord are quite superior people, and most attentive. One of the sons drove us from the Steps, and then took us on to St. Columb Major. It was too late to avail ourselves of the privilege allowed to visitors of driving through the woods and grounds of Carnanton. There is a good inn at St. Columb Major, kept by the son of Polkinhorne, a famous Cornish wrestler, who supplies visitors with a variety of excellent works descriptive of the county. We tried to get some Cornish tales from him, but he was more inclined to talk

about the antiquity of the earth and other kindred subjects. There is a very large church here, and the inhabitants hoped that their town would have been made the seat of the new bishopric instead of Truro. The next day we much enjoyed our drive of thirty-six miles on the box seat of the coach to Launceston. We passed through Wadebridge, and had a good view of Padstow in the distance. At one point we were 1100 feet above the level of the sea. We noticed that it is the universal custom in Cornwall to put together several sheaves of corn into a stook, which is, in a manner, thatched, to preserve it from the rain and wind. As we got near to Launceston the coachman pointed out the well into which the unhappy Selina Wadge threw her child. for which crime she recently suffered the extreme penalty of the law. At Launceston we took the Great Western Railway to Lydford. Here there is a fine waterfall, but we had hardly time to see it before going by the South Western Railway to Exeter, which place we reached about half-past three, just in time for the North mail which arrives in Bristol a little before seven. Our enjoyable excursion had lasted just two days.

#### A TRIP TO CHERBOURG AND ST. LO.

1878.

HAVE lately spent two nights at Cherbourg, in company with a friend, partly in order to see the place itself, and partly with the view of visiting St. Lo, which I passed in the dark when on a tour through Normandy a few years ago. also interesting to see what sort of vessels are employed for the new route. We reached Weymouth, via Radstock and Frome, on Tuesday afternoon at half-past two, the train being a little late. We found that the vessel was one of those which had been running between Milford and Waterford. I think she bore the name of the Great Western. It was a rainy day, and there was a little wind when we embarked, but some one on shore declared that we should find the sea smooth. There were about thirty passengers on board. There is fair covered accommodation for ladies and others on deck, but I preferred going below

and lying down, especially as it was raining, nor did I emerge from the cabin till we were nearing Cherbourg, about nine o'clock. then found that my companion, who had remained on deck, had been very ill through the motion of the vessel. Near him were some friends whom I had not discovered before. There was a little delay in bringing the vessel to, but our small bags were not searched, and we soon got off to our hotel, which is a superior one, just outside the town, and close to the sea—the Hotel des Bains de Mer. road was rather rough, as our steamer was moored in a somewhat outlandish part, away from the regular harbour. We found hardly any one at the hotel. The landlord and his son speak English perfectly. At one side you have the sea, and at the other a large garden in which a military band of sixty performers plays twice a week. After a substantial meal of soup and beefsteak, with fried potatoes, we retired to rest. The building is long and low. and a large number of the bedrooms appeared to be on the ground floor.

The question to be decided the next morning was whether we should spend our single day in loitering about Cherbourg, or go to St.

Lo. We chose the latter alternative, and entered a quick train at half-past eight, but on our way to the station we stopped at the church of the Trinity and peeped into the Hotel de Ville, where there is a small but good collection of pictures and an old fireplace, which has been restored. The statue of the first Napoleon on horseback, pointing to the sea in the direction of England, is a striking There are fine rocks, partly covered object. with heather, on either side the line as you leave Cherbourg, and the country is picturesque for some distance, and when it becomes flatter it is still pleasing, as there is much rich pasturage and hedges everywhere, as in England.

The first important place we passed was Valognes, a pleasant town close to the station. Then came Carentan, the spire of its handsome church being well seen from the railway. This district is interesting to Englishmen as the cradle of some of the oldest and noblest English families. Murray points out that the villages bear their names, such as Beaumont, Greville, Bruce, &c. Isigny stands on the Aure, which is very wide here; much butter comes to England from this place. If we

had kept the main line to Bayeux and Caen, which I had already seen, we should have passed Formigny. There the English were defeated (1450) in an engagement so decisive that it cost them the loss of Normandy.

We got out, however, at Lison Junction. where we had to wait an hour and a half, and were agreeably surprised that we were able to procure déjeûner, as we only had a little coffee and bread and butter before starting. found it at a common-looking roadside inn, with a trough for horses before it. entered we caught sight of bright copper cooking utensils. We went into a small room at the back, with very shabby paper on it, and left it to the landlady to give us what she A coarse but clean cloth and napkins were produced. Then came bouillon, the beef from which soup had been made, with a few carrots round it. This was followed by veal, with plenty of gravy. Then came pork, which we declined, having had enough, and dessert. Coffee followed, as a matter of course. one thing they seldom give you in France is potatoes, which seems strange to Englishmen. There was a plentiful supply of cider in a glass jug, and a little cognac to go with the

coffee. For this we paid two and a half francs each, which we thought moderate. The garden of the station was well furnished with white standard roses and other flowers. was also an arbour, formed of a tree, whose branches had been trained over trellis work. Here, as elsewhere, there was a well, properly walled in, and looking quite picturesque. spoke to the woman at the small bookstall. and gathered from her that she was there to meet every train, the same number running both Sundays and week-days. She did not seem to sell much, for I do not think foreigners read much on the railway; I bought the Figaro, and managed to get some news from The church was several miles distant. it. The line from Lison to St. Lo is charming, and the river Vire accompanies you the whole way. We had only an hour in St. Lo itself. It stands on a hill, and the cathedral, with its double towers and spires, has an imposing appearance, but it is not very remarkable in itself. A stone pulpit stands outside, with a canopy. There is a Norman church in the place, called St. Croix, which we also visited. A terrace near the cathedral commands a view of the valley of the Vire.

We had another hour to wait at Lison on our return, which was, of course, rather tiresome, but we heard a little music near the station, as it was what they call the fête of the Commune. Our train was late, but we got back to Cherbourg in time for table d'hôte There were not many dinner, soon after six. at the hotel, and we dined at separate tables. This was one of the evenings for the military band to play in the gardens. They have an orchestra in the open air, but the wind blowing that night soon put out their lights, and they had to beat a retreat into one of the large rooms of the hotel, the company listening outside under a verandah, which reaches the whole length of the building. Two or three English were present besides ourselves. Church of England service is held this summer on Sunday afternoons, in the French Protestant Church. There was a lofty hill behind the town, crowned by a fort, but the chief object of interest is the Digue, or breakwater. which took seventy years to build. twice the length of the Plymouth breakwater. and has many forts and batteries upon it. We did not attempt a close inspection of it. but were satisfied with a general view in the

distance. Before leaving on Thursday morning, we bathed from one of the long row of boxes which stand near the hotel. A broad plank extends into the sea, for the convenience of the bathers. We found a sandy bottom, which was pleasant. I believe it would not be difficult to obtain houses or apartments at Cherbourg. The office at which to make inquiry is called the Bureau de Location.

The steamer started punctually at twenty minutes past eight, and we had a tolerably smooth passage. There were only about twenty passengers, including some young sailors from an American man-of-war, who were visiting England after long absence. I omitted to state that there were several ironclads and war steamers belonging to different nations in the harbour of Cherbourg. The passage took about six hours and a half. There was some little delay in bringing the vessel to at Weymouth, as it was low water. We found a friend to welcome us as we landed, and a quick train brought us to Bristol by half-past six. This route is particularly convenient for those who wish to visit Normandy and Brittany.

#### A VISIT TO SOUTHERNDOWN, WITH NOTICES OF CAERPHILLY AND RAGLAN CASTLES.

1878.

ERHAPS those who think they have found out a quiet spot where they can rusticate by the sea-side will not thank me for giving publicity to my visit to this place. Leaving Bristol with a friend about ten in the morning I reached Cardiff at noon. We were anxious to see Caerphilly Castle, and as there was no train till nearly five we went to Penarth, which was seen to advantage, as it was just high water. When I was there before, the railway from Cardiff was not opened. It is a great convenience. The church stands in a very conspicuous position. and is very handsome, I believe, inside. There was hardly any one at the large hotel that day; but the beach showed some signs of life. There is a fine range of cliff, and in some parts the scenery is quite picturesque. You have a very good view here of the Steep and Flat Holmes.

Our train to Caerphilly left at a quarter to five, and the time for returning was half-past, so that we had barely half an hour for the castle, which is nearly half a mile from the station. We got a fair idea, however, of its majestic proportions. It covers an area of about 30 acres. The leaning tower is its most striking feature. It stands in the midst of fine scenery, some of the hills around being very lofty. Our next stage was to Bridgend; one part of the town is situated on a wooded acclivity, and is called Newcastle. A small chapel with a peculiar frontage like the gable end of a timbered house is being erected in the main street. It was a fine cool evening, and we much enjoyed our walk of five miles into Southerndown. There is a very neat Roman Catholic establishment just outside Bridgend, which we were told is much frequented on Sunday. The road lies for the most part through a valley, and for some distance you have nothing but low grassy hills at either side with no trees. In the village of St. Bride, through which we passed, there is a chapel called Horeb. We had seen a similar building in Bridgend, which bore the name of Hermon, so that our journey might be said to

have quite an Eastern character about it. It was nearly dark when we reached Southern-down and we did not know where we were going to stay for the night. We were told that the Marine was the best house in the place, but we found that it was a boarding-house, and nearly if not quite full; so we thought it better to make for the regular inn, the Dunraven Arms. I have heard since that you can be taken in at the Marine for the night just as at an inn. We found homely but comfortable accommodation at the Dunraven Arms, and the charges were very moderate.

In the morning there was drizzling rain, but my friend went out early and accomplished a bathe under difficulties. There is a bathing place here both for ladies and gentlemen. strolled out in the rain and got a fair view of Dunraven Castle, which is situated on a low hill near the sea, the grounds and gardens lying in a shady nook behind. There are good sands just below and fine cliff scenery a little beyond. Southerndown consists of houses, for the most part scattered. There is a small iron room built by Mr. Lycett. of Bristol, and used for various purposes, including religious services. After breakfast our

landlord drove us back to Bridgend by another route through the Ogmore Valley. I omitted to state that we might have shortened our walk the previous evening by keeping to the telegraph posts across the hill. Our drive was at first along the side of a hill close to the sea. We came across several private residences at intervals. Our driver pointed out some rocks in the sea, which at low water are bare to the extent of 60 acres. After leaving the coast we entered the wide valley of the Ogmore, which is very pretty as you approach the Bridgend road. The ruins of Ogmore Castle are seen on the left. On arriving at Bridgend we were driven on to Coity Castle, about two miles distant. It is a fine old ruin quite worthy of a visit. The Eisteddfod for that neighbourhood is often held here. I gathered from the women who showed us over the place that on that occasion no eating or drinking goes on inside the ruins, but only music and recitations.

When we reached Newport we suddenly resolved to visit Raglan Castle on our way home. We arrived there by train about three o'clock, after passing the pleasantly situated town of Usk. The distance by the footpath from Raglan Station to the Castle is hardly a

The two ivy-covered towers at the mile. entrance are very pleasing, and it is difficult to describe the grandeur and beauty of the The water which flows close round the walls and towers is a charming addition, and greatly contributes to the general effect. The principal guide is an educated and intelligent man, anxious to give all the information required. There were a great many visitors that day, including a large party from Newport, who were dining within the ruins. It is a favourite place of resort for church choirs. A wellknown Canon of Bristol had been there the day before. Our visit was necessarily a somewhat hurried one, but we obtained a good idea of the whole.

We had a pleasant drive to Monmouth, past Troy House, one of the seats of the Duke of Beaufort. At Monmouth there is an ancient gateway and other objects of interest. St. Thomas's church is partly Saxon and partly British. Mr. Bennett, of Monmouth, has a large and remarkable collection of china and other articles of vertû. We left the Troy Station soon after seven by the Wye Valley Railway, which passes through charming scenery the whole way. Tintern Abbey is

very well seen from the line. If I remember rightly, a good view is also obtained of Chepstow Castle, but we did not look out for it that evening.

We reached Bristol a little before ten. Thus in two days we had not only visited Southerndown, but had embraced a view of some of the finest and most interesting castles in South Wales.

#### TEN DAYS IN WESTERN SCOTLAND.

#### 1879.

HIS was not my first visit to this charming district, but it was pleasant to go over old ground, and at the same time to become acquainted with some spots which had not been seen before.

Three of us left Bristol by the first train one Monday morning in June. The day was wet, but we had a fair view of the wild and picturesque country between Settle and Carlisle, the wooded banks of the Eden attracting special attention. The scenery on the line between Carlisle and Edinburgh, the Waverley route as it is called, was not seen to advantage that evening. Our attention, however, was directed to the neighbourhood of Abbotsford, and Melrose Abbey was seen as we approached The modern Athens was enthe station. veloped in a rainy mist the next day, and we had to content ourselves with a visit to Holyrood and the National Gallery. We also made a point of seeing the new Episcopal Cathedral, designed by the late Sir Gilbert Scott, and considered to be about the finest ecclesiastical edifice erected in the United Kingdom since the Reformation. The style is a transition from Norman to early English. It is found to supply a want, as it is crowded every Sunday.

In the afternoon we went to Glasgow by the North British line, and had a good view of Linlithgow Castle, which is very near the railway.

We were much struck with the squalid appearance presented by the women as we walked through some of the poorest parts of the city; but notices of savings banks were conspicuous in various parts.

The next morning the cathedral, famous for its stained glass, and the park in which the university stands, were duly visited, and in the afternoon we took a steamer to Inellan. We thus had an opportunity of seeing the solid and handsome railway bridge, just built by the Caledonian Railway. We had some interesting conversation with a knife-grinder, who was plying his vocation on board the vessel. The man evidently had an experi-

mental knowledge of spiritual subjects, though apparently somewhat too self-satisfied and exclusive in his notions. We had fine weather for the sail down the Clyde, and the summit of Ben Lomond was well seen in the distance. The Hercules, one of our ironclads, was moored off Greenock. After touching at Kirn and Dunoon, we found delightful quarters for the night at Inellan, and were interested in seeing the little episcopal church, at which a friend was to officiate during the summer. It is immediately opposite Wemyss Bay, and Mr. John Burns's mansion is a conspicuous object.

The following day we embarked in the well-known "Iona" steamer, and after stopping at one or two pretty places, situated on the Kyles of Bute, arrived at Ardrishaig. Here one of the party took the ordinary route to Oban through the Crinan Canal, while the other two proceeded by land. A public conveyance took us through Loch Gilpead to Kilmartin, where we found the postman ready to take us with him to Culfail, a distance of fourteen miles. It was an interesting drive, but our chief object in taking it was to accomplish the Pass of Melfort, which is generally visited from Oban.

Culfail is at the head of Loch Melfort, about sixteen miles distant from Oban. We had telegraphed for a conveyance to meet us at Kilninver, so we had only a walk of eight miles, which was easily accomplished, as our travelling bags had gone round by water. In the Pass of Melfort the rocks overhang the road, and underneath is a deep ravine through which the river Oude flows. I think, however, that somewhat exaggerated descriptions have been given of its grandeur and beauty. Rain came on in the evening, and we were not sorry to find the conveyance at Kilninver, which brought us to Oban soon after nine.

The next day my friends went to Glencoe, which I had visited before, so I had a short excursion on foot alone. A steep hill shaded with trees brought me to the cemetery, about a mile from Oban, and about two miles further on a good view is obtained of the ancient castle of Dunstaffnage, across the waters of Loch Etive. The late owner, Sir Donald Campbell, was interred here only a week or two ago. After a walk of five miles I arrived at Connel Ferry. Here are the "Falls of Lora," as they are called, which are said to resemble the

rapids, which are to be seen on an American river. They appear to the best advantage at the spring tides.

The servant at the little inn was doing her work without shoes or stockings when I entered, but afterwards she put them on. was advised to cross the ferry for the purpose of seeing a somewhat remarkable perpendicular rock, which overhangs an arm of Loch Etive. There was a hedge of may in full blossom on one side of the road and one of gorse on the other, and the two together produced a pleasing fragrance. Underneath the rock is the cottage of John Campbell, of Ledaig, for that is the name of this delightful spot. He keeps the little post-office, and is regarded as a national poet, two of his productions appearing in the "Language and Literature of Scotland," by Professor Blackie. A friend of his, whom I met at Connel, had told me of him, and when I mentioned this he gave me a hearty welcome and took me into his house. Under the shadow of the precipitous rock plants flourish and flower which would not thrive anywhere else out of doors. He took me across the road to his little flower garden, and showed me a small room, most rustic in

its construction, in which he has held a Bible class on Sunday evenings for thirty years. partly in English and partly in Gaelic. open sea is seen from it: there is nothing as he said between him and America, and he told me that sometimes the fury of the waves was so great that the singing could hardly be heard. Not far from here is a large mound, which is said to contain the ruins of a vitrified fort, and to be the site of an ancient city called Beregonium, but though I visited it I could not make much of it. On my way back to Connel I managed to get a bathe from the When I reached the ferry I found that a colporteur of the Tract Society of Scotland was about to cross with me, and as the stream was rapid he took an oar. When we reached the other side I purchased one of his books, and gave one to a modest young woman who had come from a cottage near John Campbell's, and was going to service. The coach came up soon afterwards and took me to Oban amid heavy rain.

The next day, Saturday, the boat was going to Staffa and Iona, but as I had been there in a previous tour I remained behind with one of my companions, and we took a

conveyance to Taynuilt, which is seven miles beyond Connel, and is a good point from which to view the finest part of Loch Etive. It was rather wet when we started, but we hoped the day would improve, which however was not the case, and we had to make the best of it. A shooting box belonging to Mr. Virtue, the publisher, was pointed out to us, and we had a distant view of Ardchattan Priory, which is on the other side of the lake. Ben Cruachan, which is one of the highest mountains in Scotland, and still retains some patches of snow, is immediately opposite Taynuilt, but we could not see his summit that day.

Our companion, who went to Staffa, said they found it rather difficult to walk round into the cave on account of the slipperiness of the rocks. A verse of the Old Hundredth was sung by the company in this remarkable temple of nature. As it was the longest day we made good use of the evening by taking a boat to visit a hulk, lying off Oban, called the Enterprise, which went out in one of the Franklin expeditions, and was peculiarly constructed for the purpose. We afterwards rowed round by Dunolly Castle. Two of the

sons of the Bishop of Lahore joined us on this excursion, and a gentleman from Glasgow, whose acquaintance we were glad to form, as he takes a very active part in evangelistic efforts in that city. On Sunday we found that there was a great choice of services. except that a few were in Gaelic. morning we attended the Church of Scotland service at a handsome new church dedicated to St. Colomba, and in the evening the Episcopal, which was being served by a stranger in the absence, through illness, of Dean Macgeorge, who, I was told, is on very friendly terms with the Scotch ministers. I went into a Sunday school connected with the Church of Scotland in the afternoon, and by request I gave the children and teachers a short address. The minister afterwards made me accompany him to his manse, which is pleasantly situated. I found the people glad to receive a few tracts which I distributed. The next morning we took the coach to Dalmally, near the head of Loch Awe. It is expected that the railway will be completed by next year. The road was new to us from Taynuilt. It makes a long circuit round the head of Loch Awe, and skirts the tremendous base of Ben Cruachan, eighteen miles round, "huge Cruachan," as Wordsworth calls it.

"A thing that meaner hills Might crush, nor know that it had suffered harm."

The pass of Brander is remarkably fine. You drive under the shade of trees and look across the dark waters of Loch Awe, which is narrow here, to the bare mountains on the other side. A private steam yacht with a family on board was making for the head of the lake as we went through the pass. Loch Awe is very picturesque, and dotted with islands. ruins of Kilchurn Castle, standing on a peninsula, specially arrest the attention of the traveller. At Dalmally we took the train to Callander. This is considered one of the most interesting railway routes in the United King-It first passes through the Vale of dom. Glenorchy to Tyndrum, from which point Loch Lomond is reached, then through Glen Here we had a distant Dochart to Killin. view of Loch Tay, but I do not think we saw the lofty Ben Lawers, as it was cloudy and The line then runs through Glen Ogle, the Khyber Pass, as it is called, and a good view of Loch Earn is obtained, upon which you look down from a great height. Another

small lake is passed before Callander is reached. We paid a visit to Stirling, and returned to Callander for the night. Before breakfast two of us had a good walk to the Falls of Brachlinn, about a mile and a half distant, which should certainly be visited, if possible, by all who go to Callander. After crossing some large fields on the side of a hill you suddenly come upon them in a retired valley, and the sight and sound of the shelving rapids are most impressive. A rustic bridge is thrown across the deep chasm.

While my friends took the Trosachs, Loch Katrine, and Loch Lomond route to Glasgow, which I had seen several times, I went by train through Dunblane to Crieff. It is situated on high ground in the midst of fine scenery, and must be a good centre for excursions. High up beyond the town, backed by a wood, stands Strathearn House, a famous hydropathic establishment, which has been patronised by visitors from our own neighbourhood. I presume that the imbibing of cold water only and the simple diet have as much to do with the restoration of health as the use of the baths. These institutions appear to abound in Scotland as well as in England. We were

glad to have the opportunity of hearing Dr. Talmage in Glasgow that night, but his lecture on "The bright side of things" had too much of the serio-comic style in it to please us. times it bordered on the low, and even on the profane, according to our view. The audience was kept in a state of continual laughter. The next morning we returned to Edinburgh by the Caledonian route, and were just in time to attend the noon day prayer meeting in the Free Church Assembly Hall, on the Castle Hill, which is continued daily, and consists of short addresses, prayers, and hymns. were about eighty persons present. to Edinburgh will do well to remember that a gun is fired from the castle each day at one o'clock, which is apt to startle those unprepared for it. In the afternoon we took a drive to Roslin to see the little chapel which is so famous for its decorated style of architecture. and to look down upon the beautifully wooded valley of Hawthornden. On Thursday morning we bid farewell to Edinburgh, taking the Great Northern train to York. We looked out for the far-famed Tantallon Castle, so often depicted by artists, but hardly caught a glimpse of it, as it is too distant. Berwick-on-Tweed

is an interesting object, and we had a good view of Durham Cathedral. At York we separated, and thus our ten days' tour in Scotland came to an end. We found the people remarkably civil and ready to give information. The bare heads and bare feet of many of the women and children appear strange to the traveller from the south. I always think there is something pleasing in the Scotch accent, especially as spoken by the women.

The stout, broad fish-women of Edinburgh are almost as peculiar and picturesque in their dress as those of Calais and Boulogne.

Though the weather was wet most days it did not interfere with our enjoyment of the scenery as much as might have been expected. We invested in waterproofs at the beginning, and found them most useful. Black's shilling guide contains all you require, and is more portable than the large edition. We also found a local guide for the neighbourhood of Oban very useful and interesting.

## NORTH WALES, LLANDUDNO, ETC.

T was many years since I had visited the charming scenery of North Wales, and I determined to renew my acquaintance with it, in however slight a manner. As some friends were making the tour of the Wye, I arranged to meet them at Ross, before proceeding with other friends to North Wales. They had spent Sunday in Hereford, and on Monday they came by boat to Ross, which they found most enjoyable, as the weather was perfect. The next day was wet, and I joined them at Ross in the evening. the morning I went by train to Symond's Yat and back, returning in time to see my friends off by boat for Monmouth. afterwards reached Chepstow in the same manner, thus accomplishing the tour of the Wye by water.

About noon I met my other friends, who had come from Bristol, at the Ross Station, and we went together to Llandudno, through Hereford, Shrewsbury, and Chester. At this

last place we had just time to get a peep at the cathedral, the rows, the walls, and the new town hall. We had no great difficulty in finding comfortable lodgings at Llandudno at a reasonable rate, without a sea view. As the illness of a relative made it uncertain how long I should have to stay here, our first two days were devoted to excursions among the finest scenery in North Wales. On the first day we took the train to Bettws-y-coed, and after visiting the grave of a young lady from Clifton, who died there about ten years ago. we took a conveyance to the Swallow Falls, as they are called, about three miles distant, and saw them to perfection. The sun was shining upon an immense mass of water, the result of the recent rains, and the whole scene was most pleasing and striking, the dark rocks, the overhanging trees, and the white foaming waters combining to produce a glorious effect. On the way we had stopped to see the Miners' Bridge and the rapids of the Lugwy.

We hastened back to Conway sooner than we intended, in order to attend the concluding meeting of the Eisteddfod, which had been going on for three days. We found the ancient little town quite en fête. Flags were

floating on the castle and other buildings, and streamers were stretched across the narrow streets. We had two hours to spare before the proceedings commenced, which we spent in dining and seeing the sights of the place. One of these is an old timber house called Plas Mawr, or the Great Mansion. It was built in the reign of Elizabeth, the letters E. R., appearing in raised characters over the curious chimney piece. As the church is not said to contain anything specially interesting we were satisfied with an inspection of the castle, which must have been one of the most magnificent and beautiful ever built. numerous round towers and the profusion of ivy which covers the ruins present a most picturesque appearance. The town and castle are built on a steep slope on the bank of the river Conway, where it falls into the ocean. But. as I have said before, one great object of our visit was to attend the Eisteddfod. Accordingly, about five o'clock, we followed the stream of visitors which was setting in towards the large temporary building which had been constructed for the occasion. morning proceedings had consisted chiefly of a speech by Mr. Osborne Morgan, and the distribution of prizes. We were to have the benefit of an opera, composed by Dr. Parry, a self-made genius, entitled, "Blodwin, or the White Flower," and connected with the ancient history of Wales. Captain Verney, who presided, referred to the opera and its composer, and expressed a hope that the working classes of England would learn from the Welsh to take more pleasure in that which was refining and elevating. Before the proceedings commenced, and after the first part, a clergyman, who seemed to act as conductor, or master of the ceremonies, made several short speeches, in which he proposed votes of thanks to various persons. Mr. and Mrs. Osborne Morgan were present on the platform. The music and singing were very well received by the audience, but as we had had rather a long day, we were glad to make our escape before the second act.

As the next morning was fine, we thought it better to accomplish our great excursion. To do this it was necessary to take an early train to Carnarvon. The London and North Western Railway Company issues through tickets for various tours, and I believe that which we selected is about the best, because

the coach takes a circular route instead of returning over the same ground. It was full that day, and two of the passengers sat upon a large box, brought out for the purpose, and thus they had even a better view than those who occupied what is usually called the box The first objects of interest which the coachman pointed out to us on the way to Beddgelert were the Elephant Mountain, so called from its resemblance to that animal. and the Rivals, two peaks of about the same height, which stood out clearly in the distance. We passed one or two schools with bells inserted in the wall, just over the door. On one of these schools there were the words. "Feed my lambs." There is a wonderful combination of beauty and grandeur in the scenery as you get nearer to Beddgelert. The road passes along the margin of Llyn Cwellyn, and we had a very good view of Snowdon, which is sometimes ascended from this point.

We arrived at Beddgelert about one o'clock, and after partaking of a hasty lunch at the well-known hostelry which bears the name of "The Goat," we went in another conveyance to visit Pont Aberglaslyn, about two miles

distant, which is generally acknowledged to be one of the most romantic scenes in Wales. It is approached through the Pass of Aberglaslyn, which, with the perpendicular rocks partially clad with firs, presents almost an Alpine appearance. We should gladly have lingered at the bridge itself, but it was necessary to return quickly, as our coach was about to start again for Llanberis. Under a large tree near "The Goat," were two old women in regular Welsh costume. They were knitting and selling socks, and dolls dressed in Welsh fashion. I ventured to ask the price of their tall hats, and they informed me that it was about ten shillings. They charged me two shillings for a pair of socks.

Just as we left Beddgelert, the coach was arriving with passengers who had started from Carnarvon when we did, but had gone by train to Llanberis. One of them was a clerical friend, who had joined us in the train at Penmaenmawr. Rather a heavy drizzle came on as we ascended the long hill leading out of Beddgelert, up which many of us walked. This prevented us having a good view of the rich valley below and the beautiful lake called Llyn Gwynant, nor did we see anything more

of Snowdon. The weather cleared as we descended the Pass of Llanberis, which is truly wild and grand in its features. We were only allowed to tarry a few minutes at the Llanberis hotel, and were then driven rapidly by Dolbarden Castle and the two lakes which add so much to the charm of the scenery. At Carnarvon we had time for a visit to the castle before dinner, and on our way home we left the train at Menai Bridge and walked into Bangor, along the fine road which affords such excellent views of the Menai Strait and the famous bridge which spans it. At Bangor we looked into the cathedral, and then took the train to Llandudno, which we reached a little before ten, having had a long and pleasant day.

On Saturday we remained quietly in Llandudno, keeping, as it were, a Jewish Sabbath, preparatory to the observance of the Christian Lord's Day. I should call Llandudno a well-built place, the terraces facing the sea presenting a decidedly handsome appearance. There are minute regulations with reference to the time and manner of bathing. Not the least remarkable and interesting feature of the place during the season is the daily holding of children's services, on the beach or sands.

which are called for the time the children's church. These are conducted twice a day by a layman, who does not receive any remuneration, but carries on his work under the The children's service auspices of a society. is generally followed by an address to adults. An effort is also made to provide amusement, the boys being invited to cricket every afternoon. A report has been issued, shewing that much fruit has followed the holding of these Some may take exception to the manner of the preacher as being rather too rough and ready, or too free and easy, and a little wanting in reverence, but, though there may be imperfection in the instrument, it would appear that the work is owned and blessed of God.

On Sunday morning I visited the little church of St. Tudno, which is situated on one side of the Orme's Head, high above the regular drive, and nearly two miles from Llandudno. As the church is small the service is frequently held in the open air, which was the case that morning, and being asked to preach I consented. There were about 250 present, and the somewhat unique service appeared to be appreciated by all

present, despite a rather cutting wind which compelled the gentlemen to keep their hats on the greater part of the time. It was pleasing to have the blue canopy of heaven above, and the boundless sea below. A plate was held at the gate of the churchvard to receive contributions for the schools. In the afternoon I attended the children's service which is held on Sunday in the Happy Valley, as it is called, at the entrance of the Orme's Head. number of young people, brightly dressed, were seated on the ground before the preacher. Parents and others formed a circle round the pleasing group, and the hill-sides were dotted with spectators who seemed to enjoy looking down upon the scene below. There must have been several hundreds present. At the conclusion a collection was made for a ragged school situated in a remote corner of the Orme's Head.

On Monday morning I left my friends and returned home a little sooner than I intended on account of the continued illness of a relative before referred to.

Perhaps another season I may have the opportunity of exploring more leisurely the beauties of North Wales.

## THE COAST BETWEEN DARTMOUTH.

1879.

HIS is a district which is perhaps little known to the tourist compared with others, but it is quite worthy of a special visit. I armed myself beforehand with portions of two Ordnance Survey maps joined together and mounted, as I had to traverse roads not marked in ordinary maps.

In company with one who had often journeyed with me I left Bristol by the noon train one Monday morning in August, and we reached Totnes about three. This gave us plenty of time to visit the church and castle and to have some dinner before taking the steamer down the Dart. It was a pleasant evening, and we saw to advantage the wooded banks of the English Rhine, as the river has been called. On a previous occasion I had sailed up it from Dartmouth to Totnes. As we entered the Dartmouth harbour we saw the Britannia, and noticed the additional

accommodation which was provided for the Royal Princes when they were under instruction there. The old Castle Hotel is curiously arranged as regards the staircase, and some of the more ancient houses are most interesting. Before it was quite dark we walked to the castle at the mouth of the harbour, and then took a boat back again. The banks at either side present a striking appearance. A German man-of-war was anchored in the harbour, and the seamen on board were singing most effectively as we passed.

The next morning we left Dartmouth a little before eight and took the shorter road to Stoke Fleming, about two miles distant. We found the air somewhat oppressive in the narrow Devonshire lanes. The tower of Stoke Fleming Church is lofty and serves as a beacon for sailors. We found out some ruins in a garden, which are mentioned by Murray, but few of the inhabitants appeared to know of their existence. The church should also be seen. The sextoness, a young married woman, who was formerly in the service of the Dean of Exeter, chimed the bells for our benefit. There is a Board school here, and no other.

On leaving Stoke Fleming we descended a hill to Blackpool, a small village nestling among trees in a valley leading from the sea, which breaks upon a good shingly beach in a pleasant bay, enclosed by picturesque rocks. A short walk up hill brought us to the village of Street, where we found a young Cliftonian who is learning farming here, and he accompanied us to Slapton Sands. As we descended the hill from Street we had a fine view of the whole stretch of the sands with the little watering place of Torcross at the end, and Start Point, with its lighthouse, reaching out into the sea beyond. Parallel with the road across the sands there is a long fresh-water lake, very much covered with rushes, which is a favourite resort of sportsmen. There is a very good hotel half-way along the sands, and it was full when we lunched there. The cliffs under Street, which are of a light colour, are seen to advantage from this point. In the village of Slapton, about half-a-mile from the sands. Father Ignatius has a nunnery, which we visited. In his absence one of the nuns showed us the Refectory. Over the door were the words. "He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life." When Ignatius preaches at the church on Sunday afternoon it is crowded with people from all the neighbourhood round. There appears to be in his teaching a strange admixture of truth and monkish error.

We walked on to the Torcross Hotel through the rain and found accommodation for the night. Mrs. Forbes, the wife of Dr. Forbes, of Paris, was there with her son. Wednesday morning, while it was still rather wet, we walked to Stokenham Church and back, which is only about a mile and a half distant. It is an important church which serves for a great number of hamlets around. and is a handsome structure. Internally it is all that could be desired, having been recently restored. After breakfast, though there was still a drizzling rain, we set off along the coastguard path for the Start Lighthouse. The coast scenery is striking all the way, and becomes bolder as the lighthouse is approached. The ridge of land leading to it is of a rocky character. The Start Lighthouse is not a lofty one, but the internal arrangements are most interesting. There is a revolving light and a fixed one just below it which casts its reflection upon a neighbouring sandbank. In the visitors' book we found the

autographs of the Royal Princes, Edward and George. Professor Jowett's name was also inscribed. The fog-horn was next pointed out. A furnace is always kept lighted, and if a fog comes on the horn can be sounded in about a quarter of an hour. One of the keepers of the lighthouse told me that a Clifton lady had furnished him with religious periodicals when he was at another station, and I understood him to say that the Start Lighthouse was also well furnished in this respect.

We then made for Prawle Point, several miles distant. The intervening coast is very grand and wild. One writer remarks that those who have been disappointed with foreign travel would do well to bend their steps to this little-known part of our own country; and a coastguard remarked to him that an Englishman did not know England till he had been along here. The day, however, was too misty for views, and we were not sorry to meet with a young man strolling along the shore who put us on the road to Salcombe. which we wanted to reach about three in the afternoon, in order to take the steamer to Kingsbridge. We found the narrow lanes very dirty indeed, but by hard walking we reached Portlemouth in good time and took the ferry to Salcombe. The scenery here is very fine, and Salcombe has been called the Montpelier of England, because of the mildness of its climate. We duly tasted the white ale, for which the place is famous, and were told that its whiteness is caused by the admixture of flour. On the little steamer which runs up to Kingsbridge we had as our fellow passenger the Bishop of Grafton and Armidale, in New South Wales, which is now much recommended for emigrants as having a cooler climate than Queensland.

I had originally intended to visit Bolt Head and Bolt Tail, but there was not time to accomplish it, and the weather was not altogether favourable, so we took the coach to Plymouth the next morning. We passed through a well-wooded and undulating country all the way, and the various halting-places were more or less interesting. Aveton Gifford is prettily situated on the Avon. The principal place we passed through was Woodbury, which is chiefly built on the sides of sloping hills. The Erme and Yealm estuaries are crossed between this place and Plymouth. Our drive took us about four-and-a-half hours, as the

coach was heavily laden and the roads bad. We found Plymouth in its usual garb of wet, and after lunching at the Grand Hotel on the Hoe, we took the train to Horrabridge as being the nearest station to Prince Town.

There is very fine scenery to be seen from the railway at Bickley a little before you come to Horrabridge. When we left the train we found that it was about six miles to Prince There is a long steep hill out of Horrabridge, and a good view when the highest point is reached. A strong cutting wind helped to carry us along Dartmoor. country was very bleak and desolate, and for several miles we met no one but the postman in his mail cart and a shepherd with a flock of sheep. On arriving at Prince Town we had time to walk round the prison and visit the French and American burying-ground, containing the remains of prisoners taken in war. There is very fair accommodation at the Duchy Hotel, and in the course of the evening we heard a good deal about the prison and its inmates. They number about 1000, and there are upwards of 100 warders or officers of various kinds. The shortest period for which prisoners are sent there is seven years. The

Weslevans are rather a strong body here, and we met many of them going to their chapel that evening. The church, though very plain, stands well, and is a conspicuous object for several miles. As we wished to be at home by the following evening we could not attempt any more walking, but took a trap on Friday morning across the moor to Chagford. We crossed the East and West Dart on our way, and got a view of several of the principal tors. We descended into Chagford by a steep Devonshire lane. It is pleasantly situated in a wide valley. The church is interesting, and we saw two very large modern lodging-houses. Another drive of five miles brought us to Moretonhamstead station, and after spending an hour at Teignmouth and Exeter respectively, we reached Bristol about seven.

## A VISIT TO THREE TOWNS IN NORTHERN FRANCE.

1879.

N the first week of October, after paying a visit to friends who were sojourning in Brighton, I arranged to cross the Channel, in company with a friend who resides in that neighbourhood. We did not care to have the long passage to Dieppe, and were anxious to try the Calais-Douvres, which runs daily during the season between Calais and Dover, with the exception of Sunday and Monday. The latter day is needed for cleaning and repairs. We took the line through Hastings to Ashford, and this gave us two hours at the former place, which it is always pleasant to re-visit.

We reached the Lord Warden at Dover a little before ten o'clock. In the morning we heard the firing of a cannon, and were told that it was in honour of the Duke of Cambridge, who was staying the night at the hotel,

and was to review the troops stationed at Dover that morning. The Calais-Douvres is now the only boat for the day passage, and consequently runs in connexion with the mail trains. We had a fair number of passengers on board, who made themselves comfortable in the numerous chairs placed on the spacious The vessel is constructed much on the deck. same principle as the old twin-ship Castalia. There is a little difference in detail, and she is faster, I was told, by four knots an hour. She is also more capacious. The ship's officers remembered well the circumstance, which I have before recorded, of the mail-boat coming into collision with the Castalia in 1876, when entering Calais harbour. The sea was smooth, and the passage was accomplished in about an hour and three quarters.

Dunkirk was our destination, an interesting place from its historical associations, having once been held by the English. We nearly lost our train by forgetting that French time is a little faster than our own. In fact, we caught the train by driving to a station a little out of Calais. On arriving at Dunkirk, we found a train full of men in blouses, who, we were told, were conscripts. In the October

Bradshaw there was an advertisement and picture of a large hotel near the sea. Here we thought of staying, and drove a mile to it from the station, passing a great deal of shipping, but when we arrived we found it closed for the winter. The Bureau, as it is called, was open, but as we peeped into it we were saluted by an ugly-looking bull-dog, which flew at us. My friend was ready for him, and gave him a blow with his umbrella, which quieted him, and we beat a retreat. After this we had a walk on the sands and enjoyed the incoming tide, though there was rather a cold wind and the day was dull. The sands are very firm, but there is nothing else to attract, as there are no trees, and the eve only rests upon extensive sand hillocks, or dunes, as they are called. We found quarters for the night at a very fair hotel in the town, and as there was an hour to spare before the table d'hôte, we turned an old tinker we met with into a guide, and got him to shew us the sights of the place. The principal of these is the church of St. Eloi, which is Gothic, but has a handsome Grecian portico of ten pillars. the other side of the road there is a solid square clock tower. Another church which we visited contained paintings by Vandyke and Guido. The fishermen's chapel is full of votive offerings. In the centre of the market-place there is a large bronze statue of Jean Bart, the hero of the town.

We left for St. Omer at seven the next morning. The station was very full, and it took a long time to get tickets. A number of sailors were leaving the place, and after their fashion were kissing their friends, both men and women, in a most gushing manner. Frenchman standing near me, who could speak a little English, remarked to me that it resembled the twittering of birds, and he added "they are very good people." In the railway carriage we had a priest as our companion. He was slightly built and had an interesting expression of countenance. I gradually drew him into a friendly controversy and we looked at each other's Praver-books. He brought forward the usual arguments as regards the worship of the Virgin, and other points. In proof of the use of Purgatory, he pointed especially to Matthew xii., 36, which speaks of the account to be rendered of "the idle word." Of course I referred him to I. John i., 7.

We reached St. Omer about nine o'clock, and had an hour for seeing the place before the ten o'clock table d'hôte breakfast. It is situated on the Aa, and is surrounded by canals and gardens. Like the other towns in the neighbourhood, it has a Flemish character. Besides the Cathedral, which is interesting, there is the massive tower of St. Bertin's Abbey, now a ruin. The Jesuits' College, built in 1592, for English Roman Catholics, is a large brick building, with numerous pilasters, and a great profusion of half-wreaths in stone. It is now used as a military hospital. The place contains a large number of bronze fountains.

At noon we left for Lille, and had plenty of time for seeing the various objects of interest. The Grande Place forms a large open square, and on one side is the Hotel de Ville, a quaint-looking building, with an exterior richly ornamented. The principal church is that of St. Maurice. It is large and has four rows of light pillars. We came across one handsome boulevarde, and here we got a distant view of the English church. I find it stated in "The Greater Britain Messenger," issued by the Colonial and Continental Church Society, that there are about

320 English Protestant residents of different denominations, and that nearly all these seem to appreciate the Church services. Sunday School work is also said to be progressing satisfactorily, and mention is made of a British Institute. The principal manufactures here are cotton, linen, and thread.

The next morning we returned to Calais, and crossed to Dover in our old friend, the Calais-Douvres. We had pleasant travelling companions, including some Clifton friends, who were returning to England after a lengthened absence.

Among the little things which struck me in France, when noticing the habits of the people, were the cans in which soup was being taken to workmen at their dinner-hour, the long loaves which children were to be seen carrying measuring almost their own height, the employment of women for sweeping the streets, the absence of rags or any other sign of abject poverty, the neat cases which school children had for their books, and the apparent affection of parents for their children. The worship of the Virgin appeared as prominent as ever in the churches, and we saw more than one memorial of Pope Pius IX.

One of the objects of our two days' expedition was, as I have said, to try the Calais-Douvres, and we were glad of the opportunity of visiting two or three French towns which are probably overlooked by most of our countrymen, but which, nevertheless, as I have endeavoured to show, are not without their interest.

## A VISIT TO SOME WATERING PLACES IN NORMANDY.

1880.

HILE staying at Brighton in June I resolved, in company with a friend, to revisit the coast of Normandy, and so to become acquainted with a few of the lessknown watering places. We originally intended to cross from Newhaven to Dieppe, but as the weather was somewhat cold and unsettled wedecided to take the Dover-Calais route instead. The journey by rail from Brighton to Dover is a somewhat tedious one, but we made good use of the two half-hours which we had at the places where we had to change carriages. is always pleasant to have a walk along the promenade at Hastings, and this we accomplished without hurrying. At Ashford we visited the church, which is a handsome structure. A peculiarity about the internal arrangements is that there is no regular The reading desk serves for the prayers and the sermon, and there is an eagle

for the lessons. As there are galleries there must be a great many who do not see the preacher.

When we arrived at Dover we were told that the Calais-Douvres would not sail in the morning, as she had not been able to get out of Calais harbour, because of the low state of the tide. One gentleman remained behind in consequence. It evidently does not do to reckon upon her with certainty. The other day some of her plates were started, and she did not therefore sail. The morning was bright, and we were told, as usual, that we should have a beautiful passage; but we had barely got out of the harbour when there was the significant appearance of certain earthenware vessels, and in a very short time a considerable number of the passengers were hors de combat. We did not suffer ourselves, and the fresh breeze was very invigorating. We were told at Calais that a great many were ill on board the Calais-Douvres the previous day. As we passed by the hedgeless fields in the railway carriage we were struck with the large patches of very red clover which appeared at frequent intervals. It is called, I believe, Italian clover.

At Verton Station I looked out for the little deformed piper whom I had often seen there, but an old man who was asking alms told me that he had sickened and died. We spent an hour at Abbeville before taking the train for St. Valery-sur Somme. As it was raining we drove to the church, which has a very handsome west front, richly sculptured. The post-office is rather an imposing building, with a court-yard, in which were several cages containing choice birds. We bought one of the flat sugared cakes or biscuits, for which the place appears to be famous, and also some soap, the necessity for which I am apt to forget when starting for the continent.

To reach St. Valery, which is, strictly speaking, in Picardy, we had to return along the main line as far as Noyelles. From this place the branch line passes over a very long wooden viaduct. We were told by a fellow-traveller that the produce of the country round here, including a great deal of asparagus, is all sent to the London market. In leaving the station at St. Valery you cross a double drawbridge over the Abbeville canal, and after passing the wharves, you enter the main street of the town, and soon stop at the door

of the principal inn, the Hotel de France. It is interesting, as having upper and lower balconies round the court-yard, like the old inns in Southwark. We ascertained that there would be table d'hôte at six.

As it was desirable to pass on to Treport that evening, one of the female servants offered to take me to the place at which conveyances are to be obtained. There is no stopping to put on bonnets, or shawls, or walking-boots, as in England, but the women are ready to walk any distance at once. I was taken to a cottage in a distant street, in which a damsel was having her hair dressed, and out at the back-door into a sort of large farmyard, at the extremity of which were several vehicles under cover, one of which I selected, as being the lightest for our journey of twenty miles. It had two wheels, and was rather like a baker's cart. On returning from my selection of the carriage, I found that my friend had already strolled out to view the place, so I made at once for the sea, or rather the bay of the Somme. There is a good embanked road, planted with trees, forming a long promenade. To vary the scene, forty or fifty fishing-boats, with sails set, were just

entering the harbour, and beyond were several rafts containing men and women returning, I understood, from their work of repairing the embankments with large stones. They were singing merrily as they floated down the stream. I was afterwards told that stones are sent from here to the north of England, in connection with some manufactory, but I do not remember the exact nature of it. the left of the promenade, there is a plantation, intersected by walks, and beyond is a terrace, with an escarpment of rock on which the upper town is situated. The church of St. Martin is a very conspicuous object, and with its thick walls it presents the appearance of a fortress. A little further on, in the midst of trees, stands Harold's Tower, as it is called. As I walked up through the wood to the higher level, a workman who passed me turned round to wish me bon soir, which was a specimen of the inbred politeness of the French. On my way down to the hotel, I looked into the church of St. Martin. spicuous above the arch at the East end was a large painting of "Christ stilling the storm," and in one part of the church there was a ship suspended from the roof before an altar.

An English resident has published a guide to St. Valery, which is sold for charitable purposes. He speaks highly of it as a place of resort in the summer. The historical associations of the place are very interesting. It is thought to have been the port at which Julius Cæsar embarked when he invaded England. It was from this port also that William the Conqueror sailed. The Colonial and Continental Church Society supplies a chaplain here for the summer.

We left at seven for Treport. The roads were straight and lined with trees the greater part of the way, but as it got dark we descended a steep hill, with a thick wood, apparently, on one side, and varied scenery on the left. At this point our driver lighted the lamp, and we found that carts and all other conveyances had a light attached. We reached Treport about ten o'clock, and made for the principal hotel on the beach, but it was not yet opened for the season, so we put up at another, which proved very comfortable. In the morning, the fishwomen, with a few men interspersed, presented a lively scene on the quay opposite the inn. The beach, on the contrary, with the lodging-houses and the bathing establishment, looked desolate, as the season does not commence before the middle There are rather lofty of the month of June. white cliffs on either side of the harbour, and very fair sands. In addition to the room for concerts on the beach, we saw one for medical purposes, and others for games. The church is strikingly situated on lofty ground, rising from the quay, and is approached by numerous Here, as in other churches, we found pews as well as chairs. After the eleven o'clock déjeûner, which is an institution in these parts, we took an omnibus to Eu. which put us down in a large along one side of which extends a very large church, with handsome flying buttresses, and opposite the west end, at a little distance, is the famous Château d'Eu, at which Louis Philippe, entertained Queen Victoria and the late Prince Consort, in 1843. It is accurately described by Murray as "a low red brick building, surmounted by high tent-shaped roofs of slate." It is now in the possession of the Comte de Paris, and the public are not admitted to the grounds connected with the house, but there is a large forest very near with roads running in every direction, and as

it happened to be one of the days on which this is open to the public, we much enjoyed the walk through it, and afterwards took the high road back again to Treport. By the side of the road we saw a woman breaking stones, a sight which I do not think would be witnessed in England.

We left by diligence for Dieppe at halfpast six, and the road was most uninteresting, as it was straight nearly the whole way, and there was hardly a tree to be seen. The distance was not quite twenty miles, but it was nearly ten o'clock when we reached Dieppe. When we alighted, my friend missed a valuable book which he had placed behind him in the diligence. It was searched for in vain, but was discovered the next morning soaked with rain. It had got hidden in some strange way in the covering of the conveyance. The Hotel Royal, at which we stayed, is very large and handsome, and faces the sea.

The next day was wet, and a portion of the morning was spent in visiting two of the churches and calling upon the chaplain of the Colonial and Continental Church Society, who afterwards dined with us. He told us that he

was encouraged by the attendance of a large number of English sailors at his church in the winter. At the church of St. Jacques I noticed, as elsewhere, in a conspicuous position, the canopy which is used to cover the host in processions. In the church at Eu I had observed in embroidered work at the top of one of these canopies a representation of a lamb on a cross, upon a book with seven seals hanging below, evidently having reference to Revelation v. Here also, as in another church, there was a long printed address by the Archbishop of Rouen, on "the faith." I was somewhat startled to see it stated that Marv by her faith became the "spouse of God." The regulations here are almost amusingly strict. No salt water can be taken from the sea, not even for a child's bath, without an order from the Mayor. There is a fine expanse of grass in front of the Hotel Royal, extending from the pier to the Establishment, and it presented a remarkable appearance, being completely covered with linen spread out to dry, in preparation for the season.

We had thought of visiting another watering-place about twenty miles beyond, called St. Valery-en-Caux, but as the season had not commenced and the weather was unfavourable we decided to go to Paris, and to take the new line which passes through Neufchâtel, Gisors, and Pontoise. The first station from Dieppe is Arques, and we had a very good view of the castle of Arques, which occupies a commanding position, though it is little more than a mass of shapeless ruins. This and Gisors were the last two castles which the English possessed in Normandy. The ruins of the latter are grand and imposing, and we had a fair view of them from the train.

It is not necessary to describe at length our three days sojourn in Paris. The Salon in the Palais d'Industrie was duly visited. The picture which has obtained the first medal is "The Good Samaritan," by Morat, and perhaps the two most remarkable pictures after this were Scripture subjects, "Cain," and "Job." An horticultural exhibition was then being combined with the exhibition of pictures, and the electric light was used at night. The pictures were upon the whole more striking and imposing than those in our academy, but perhaps the standard of merit was not so high, and the number of objectionable pictures is greater.

We were glad to be of use throughout the Sunday, though we would rather have heard Dr. Geikie, the well-known author of "Life of Christ." than take his place in the pulpit. He was suffering from a severe attack of bronchitis. I was present the following day at an interesting meeting of Protestant workers, presided over by Dr. Forbes, and addressed by Horatius Bonar and W. Weylland, and felt it a privilege to take the opening prayer. It was pleasant to meet some Clifton friends while we were in Paris, and to fraternize with them, more especially as one of the party was recently married by me at Clifton Church. She now resides at Meaux, a pleasant town near Paris. In the church there is a statue of the great French preacher, Bossuet.

When crossing again from Calais to Dover we were interested to see the Indian and Australian mails brought on board our vessel, the Calais-Douvres. The procession of men with bags seemed endless. This was my third visit to Normandy, an interesting though perhaps not very striking country. Its nearness to England makes it convenient for a short tour, and I cannot say that I regret the time spent in it.

## A TRIP TO THE SCILLY ISLANDS.

1880.

HEN staying at Torquay in September I resolved to become acquainted with these islands. At Plymouth I was joined by a travelling companion one Monday afternoon, and we took the evening train to The next morning we had a Penzance. pleasant bathe, and finding that we should have time after breakfast, before the steamer started for Scilly, to visit St. Michael's Mount, we hired a boat and much enjoyed the short time spent there, especially as we were conducted over the chapel and taken through the house by the proprietor and his cousin, We had a charming view from the top of the tower, the staircase of which is so narrow that more corpulent persons could hardly have mounted it. We sailed quickly back to Penzance, and three of us, for another friend had arrived by the morning train, went on board the little steamer, the Lady of the Isles, which was to convey us to Scilly.

The village of Mousehole, the celebrated Logan Rock, and Land's End, were objects of interest, as seen from the vessel. There was rather a heavy swell as we got out into the open, and many of the passengers began to This uncomfortable motion of the vessel continued almost to the end. passage, however, was shorter than usual, as the wind was in our favour, and we reached the pier at Hugh Town, St. Mary's Island, in less than four hours. We had a good view of many of the other islands as we slowly steamed towards the harbour. There was accommodation for two of us at Tregarthen's snug little hotel, and the other had to sleep in a house opposite.

As the afternoon was so fine we lost no time, but hired a sailing boat at once to visit Tresco Island. The gardens of Tresco Abbey are the great attraction here, and we were conducted round them by the head gardener, who is a most intelligent man, and we found that he was well acquainted with Bristol and the neighbourhood. Many of the plants and trees are such as are found in tropical climates, extremes of heat and cold being unknown here. Aloes and palms and the eucalyptus and count-

less others meet the eye. It was a work of nearly two hours to go through the whole, terrace after terrace having to be visited. Two ostriches were seen as we approached the gardens. As I was acquainted with a relation of the governor of the islands, Mr. Dorrien Smith, I called at the house and spent a few minutes with the family, joining them at afternoon tea. The suite of apartments is most suitably and elegantly furnished. ruins of the old abbey are very picturesque. One corner of the gardens is devoted to a collection of figure-heads of wrecked vessels. Two fresh water lakes add a charm to the scene. As we had hardly tasted anything since an early breakfast we did full justice to a plain and substantial dinner provided by our host in the evening.

The next morning we were somewhat surprised to find that the weather had suddenly changed. Rain and wind had taken the place of the bright sunshine of the previous day. We managed, however, to get a walk before breakfast, and as we were returning we found the place in a state of excitement on account of a wedding which was then taking place at the church of the

island. We just came in for the end of it. The bridegroom, who is in business in a town in Devonshire, had selected for his bride a young lady residing in the island, and as they walked down the road from the church they were escorted by an orderly crowd, who cheered them heartily. Nor was this all. The happy couple were leaving for England by the steamer at half-past nine, and there was a large gathering on the quay to witness their departure. As they approached a gun was fired, and a copious supply of rice was in readiness for them as they embarked. were sorry for them and the rest of the passengers, as the wind was blowing almost a gale and would be dead against them the whole way. The passage, as we learnt afterwards, took seven hours.

We then arranged with a guide for a walk round the island, and were joined by a Cliftonian who had been staying in the place some time. Our first point was Peninnis, the finest headland in the islands. It consists of a noble pile of granitic rocks, which assume fantastic forms, with various names. They are much worn by the action of the sea and many are covered with lichen. We gathered

here several roots of the asplenium marinum. The Pulpit Rock was the next object of interest. It is so called from the appearance which is presented of a large sounding-board. To reach the next headland we went inland for some distance and passed the old church and churchyard. Here about a hundred bodies of those lost in the ill-fated Schiller are interred, narrow upright pieces of wood with numbers on them marking the grave of each. As we again approached the sea, we were glad to take shelter from a driving storm of rain and wind under the rocks called Blue Carn. The sea below presented a grand sight, the waves being lashed into fury and the spray rising to a great height. The Logan Stone of the island was next visited. upwards of forty tons in weight it is so finely balanced that it easily obeys the motion of the hand.

We now left the coast for the interior of the island, and walked through Holy Vale, a pleasant wooded hollow. As it was nearly two o'clock, we were glad to obtain some refreshment at a farm, which partakes partly of the character of an inn, having the ship "Victory" painted on a signboard. There are no licences in the island for the sale of intoxicating drinks, but they are to be obtained here and there, and some sort of supervision is exercised over the houses in which they are sold. The rain prevented us continuing our walk round by Telegraph Hill, as it is called, and we took the short road to Hugh Town. In the evening we attended service at the church. There were prayers and singing, but no discourse. The side pews rise one above the other after the manner of stalls. The building is plain and substantial. A board states that it was erected by William IV., and completed by the late lord proprietor of the island, Mr. Augustus Smith.

There is an interesting eminence close to the town, on which stands Star Castle, an old Elizabethan fortress. On this hill the meteorlogical observations are taken. They are considered more accurate and valuable than those recorded at Valentia, as there are no mountains near to interfere with the calculations.

The next morning we decided to pay another visit to Tresco, and had a pleasant sail before the wind. As we had seen the Abbey Gardens on the day of our arrival, our attention was devoted to the exploration of other parts of the island, and we had a good view of Bryher, another of the inhabited islands. It terminates in the striking promontory of Shipman's Head. The whole of Tresco is more or less interesting. We were rowed back to Hugh Town through a chopping sea, just in time to see the arrival of the steamer from Penzance, with only four passengers on board, one being an islander. It was pleasant to get letters and papers, as none had reached the island since Tuesday.

We were glad to find when we rose on Friday morning that there was the prospect of a good passage to Penzance, nor were we disappointed. The wind had changed to the south-west, which was in our favour, and we were not more than four hours in crossing; only a few of the passengers suffered from the rolling of the vessel. We found from conversation with the captain that he was a bit of a poet, and had composed several pieces, which had been much appreciated. He gave us a copy of one of them, describing the passage between Penzance and Scilly.

A week might be pleasantly spent in the Scilly Islands. The late Dean Alford wrote

an interesting account of them in Good Words many years ago, which I think I have read, and I hope I may not have much difficulty in procuring it for another perusal. It had been suggested that we should inquire whether there was an opening in the islands for the Seamen's Mission, but we were informed that comparatively few sailors come to the port The inhabitants are for the most part engaged in the fisheries. There is a good reading room at Hugh Town, and a telegram arrives daily conveying the latest and most important information. It is well known that early potatoes are sent from Scilly to the London markets. The climate is favourable for vegetation generally and the soil fertile. We were pleased with what we saw of the people. There was a simplicity and a brightness about them, and we noticed very little abject poverty. The Church appears to have a fair hold upon the affections of the people, but large numbers of them belong to the Weslevans or the Bible Christians.

On our return from the islands, we made for the Tregenna Hotel, St. Ives; but it was full, and we beat a retreat to Marazion, opposite St. Michael's Mount, where we found comfortable quarters. The next day we went by public conveyance to Helston and the Lizard. The great attraction is Kynance Cove, which has been truly described as "a spot to be seen, to be painted, to be dreamed of, but not written about." It should be seen at low water. It is very extensive, and all the rocks around are of a most imposing character. The lovely green sea breaks upon the sands in a charming manner, and in some parts it boils and murmurs under the rocks in a most weird way. The serpentine stone abounds here.

We reached Falmouth late in the evening, and were accommodated at the large hotel, which is beautifully situated with Pendennis Castle and the bay full in view. On Sunday morning we had a striking sermon from the vicar, who is more than 80 years of age. It was apparently extempore, and delivered in a most animated manner. It was an evangelical exposition of the Jubilate, and well suited for the occasion, as it was a harvest thanksgiving service. Here we met with a well-known medical man from Clifton and other friends.

As the Dublin and London steamer was to sail from Falmouth to Plymouth the next

morning, we were very glad to have the opportunity of going by her. There were several soldiers and emigrants on board. The latter gladly received some tracts which I gave them, and the Protestant portion were singing at intervals some of Sankey's and other hymns. We had a fair view of the old Eddystone lighthouse and of the works connected with the erection of the new one.

After my friends left me I spent a day at Looe and Fowey. The former is approached from Menheniot, the fourth station below Ply-East and West Looe are situated on mouth. a broad estuary confined between lofty wooded Here I was entertained by a Cliftonian. who resides here for a portion of the year. The day was too wet for me to see all the beauties of this charming spot, and my time was limited, as I had to reach Fowey. I was driven through Polperro, a quaint little place, with a very narrow street, situated in a most retired nook. At Fowey I had to cross a ferry to reach the train. There is a good harbour here. It is sheltered by lofty cliffs and beautifully wooded banks are reflected in the water.

Two things arrested my attention when travelling along the roads in Cornwall, more

especially when near the Lizard, the tamarisk hedges, and the small bed of cabbages which is to be seen in most of the fields. They are well cleared underneath the hedges, and in the heap thus formed, after it has rotted, cabbages are planted, and the whole is afterwards strewn over the fields for manure. This is a specimen of economical farming worthy of imitation.

It would require a separate paper to narrate all the various expeditions which I took after my return to Torquay. Prawle Point and Bolt Head, on the coast between Dartmouth, and Plymouth, were visited. This involved staying a night at Kingsbridge. The magnificent drive from Ashburton through the Buckland woods, by the banks of the Dart, occupied another day. The Moretonhampstead line passes through some of the most beautiful scenery in Devonshire. It enabled me to see Chudleigh Rock and Lustleigh Cleve in one day, though each deserves a separate excursion. The view from the highest point of the latter is most charming. On the one side you look upon smiling hills and valleys clothed with verdure, and on the other Dartmoor rises before you, Heytor being a most conspicuous

object. A pleasing variety is furnished by the excursions of the little steamer "Prince," which is evidently a favourite here. One day we were taken to Dartmouth by her, and thus had a good view of Berry Head. We also came in for the closing excursion of the season. Seaton was the destination, but we touched at Dawlish, Budleigh Salterton, and Sidmouth. The cliff scenery is delightfully varied. At Seaton we took the train and came round by Exeter, passing through a very pretty country. Brixham, which I visited one day, is an interesting place to see, inasmuch as William III. landed there, and Napoleon was brought here for a few days in the Bellerophon after the battle of Waterloo. I saw a great quantity of fish being packed in ice. There is fine scenery in the immediate neighbourhood.

## A FORTNIGHT ON THE CONTINENT. INTERLAKEN, ETC.

1881.

company with a clerical friend and his wife, I left Bristol for Dover one Tuesday morning in August. As we passed through London we provided ourselves with Cook's travelling and hotel coupons. which saved us some trouble and expense. also procured a list of the summer arrangements of the Colonial and Continental Church The following morning we had a tolerably good passage by the Calais-Douvres, though there was a considerable swell on the sea, following the wind of the previous day. We availed ourselves of the new railway route to Basle, avoiding Paris and passing through Passengers by this route usually Rheims. leave London at ten and cross by an ordinary boat. We waited for this train at Amiens. and I was glad to visit the Cathedral again. The train of which I have spoken was late, as I believe is generally the case, but we reached

Rheims about ten o'clock. A well-known London clergyman and his family, with whom we afterwards fraternized, got out of the train with us. Our inn was pretty full when we arrived, and one or two had to be turned away, including an Englishman and his wife, who were in a little difficulty because they could not speak a word of French. The landlord, who is said to speak English, was out of the way that evening. I did what I could for them, and handed them over to one who was going to the other hotel.

I had long wished to see the Cathedral of Rheims. It is not, perhaps, quite as vast in its proportions as we expected. The great western door at Amiens appeared to us somewhat more imposing. The sculpture on the west front of Rheims is most profuse, there being as many as 600 figures. These were to be found inside the Cathedral at the west end as well as outside. The great rose west window is remarkably fine. The Cathedral as a whole has been described as the noblest Gothic building north of the Alps. The abbey church of St. Remi, which we also visited, is more ancient than the Cathedral, having been built in the ninth century.

As we were in the champagne country, we went to see the famous champagne vaults of M. Pommery. The exterior of the premises is very imposing. They stand on rising ground just outside the city, and are rendered conspicuous by a high tower. The workmen were at dinner, but we were escorted through the vaults by a boy, who armed us each with a candle. We were rather a large party, as we had been joined by the clergyman's family before referred to. We had to descend 116 steps into the immense vaults, which seemed almost interminable. We cannot, perhaps, wonder that champagne is dear when we were told that each bottle is turned every day for two months. Before leaving in the evening for Basle, we went to see an interesting old Roman arch, which is said to be larger than any in Rome.

We were an hour late at Basle in the morning, and consequently had to wait for a later train to take us on to Interlaken. This gave us the opportunity of taking a drive round Basle, and over a handsome new bridge, built about two years ago. The view from the cathedral terrace is always interesting.

As we travelled to Interlaken in bright sunshine we saw a great deal of hay being got in. When we reached Thun we had the pleasing variety of the steamer to take us along the lake. There was a hot sun, but the vessel was well supplied with awning. A clerical fellow-passenger was very conspicuous. He had a long cassock, but was not shaven like a priest, and had a surrounding of women and children. I was told that he was a Lutheran minister. In the distance our eyes were gladdened with the sight of the Eiger, Mönch, and Jungfrau. We called at one or two pleasant spots on the lake, and then left the steamer to be taken into Interlaken by a short railway journey of about three miles. On this railway there are covered seats on the tops of the carriages—a pleasant position for seeing the scenery.

There is a great choice of hotels at Interlaken, which has been described as "a large English boarding-house with a road running through it." We made for the Hotel Ritschard, which is nearly, if not quite, the largest and best in the place, and one of the two for which our hotel coupons availed. Our rooms were at the top of the house, and we had a

good view in the direction of Lake Thun, the Niesen, with its conical top, being a conspicuous object.

The next morning I fell in with the chaplain for the month, and we called together on a Clifton clerical brother, who had been staying for some time at a quiet pension about three miles from Interlaken, and we had an enjoyable bathe together in the still waters of Lake Thun. This pension is kept by a superior woman, who makes her visitors thoroughly comfortable for a few francs a day, and promotes their enjoyment in every possible way. She also acts as a sort of sextoness of the English church.

As some one was required to take the service at the Embassy church at Berne on the morrow, the chaplain decided to go himself, leaving us to officiate at Interlaken. It was my privilege to preach in the morning to upwards of 300 English and Americans, and there was a fair congregation in the afternoon. A portion of the collections, which were good, was to be given that day towards the building of the English church at Vevey. The building in which our service was held is conspicuous from its red spire, and is quite ecclesiastical.

It forms part of an old nunnery, and the English Roman Catholic and Scotch services are held in adjoining premises. A retired medical man from Leeds, who resides here, acts as churchwarden.

The next morning he kindly took the chaplain, who had arrived from Berne, together with myself and another clergymen, in his carriage to Lauterbrunnen, and I gazed for the first time upon the far-famed Staubbach, or Dust stream, one of the loftiest and most graceful falls in Europe. Looked at from one side it appeared a continuous stream, while viewed from another point it appeared to be broken by the breeze, resembling, as Byron expresses it, "the tail of a white horse streaming in the wind."

Our medical friend then took us a little further on, to see the less-known but remarkable cascade of the Trümmelbach, which issues from a deep ravine under the Jungfrau. A volume of water is shot with tremendous force through a narrow opening in the rock, as through a funnel, into a seething cauldron below, and then falls into the valley in an ordinary stream. It is something quite unique. Here our host for the day produced a bottle of

Madeira and some sandwiches, which he had thoughtfully brought in his carriage. We had a good but distant view of the fall of the Schmadribach at the end of the valley. It issues from the glacier and falls over a precipice of great height.

The chaplain and myself resolved to stay the night at Lauterbrunnen, in order to visit Mürren during the remaining hours of the day, and to start early the next morning for the Wengern Alp. The path to Mürren is somewhat steep and rough, and can only be traversed by men and horses. We soon crossed the stream of the Staubbach above the falls, and, after passing through a wood, found ourselves at a point where a magnificent panorama of mountains is presented to view.

There were a great number of English at the largest of the hotels, including the Bishop of Truro and some members of my friend's congregation. A lady, of whom I knew something myself, was staying there, but was out at the time. Some 150 English were about to sit down to dinner at half-past six, but we had to return to Lauterbrunnen by daylight. It was very cold at Mürren, and we were told that there had been fires in the drawing-room

of the hotel. The ascent of the Schilthorn is the great thing to be accomplished by those staying at Mürren, because of the view to be obtained from the summit.

We looked into the little English church, in which there is a tablet to the memory of an English bride, Mrs. Arbuthnot, daughter of Lord Rivers, who was struck by lightning when ascending the Schilthorn in 1865. Round the church there are appropriate selections from the "Benedicite," beginning with the words, "O ye ice and snow, bless ye the Lord."

In descending to Lauterbrunnen, we found the benefit of travelling in August rather than in September, for, as it was, we had only just light enough to enable us to reach our destination. On our way down, we had one or two glimpses of the summits of the Jungfrau or the Silberhorn appearing in a small space of blue sky, and we heard the crash of falling avalanches, resembling the firing of cannon.

It was desirable to leave Lauterbrunnen early in the morning for the Wengern Alp, as the path is shaded till towards the middle of the day; so we managed to start by a quarter past six. At this early hour children were

carrying bread on their backs from the village to the chalets on the mountain sides. first part of the ascent, which is by a zigzag path, is very steep. After about an hour's climb, we reached the large, scattered village of Wengen, which contains one or two hotels. There is an English service here, maintained by the Colonial and Continental Church Society. A little beyond this spot, we found a poor woman diligently employed in making Presently a man thread lace for sale. appeared with an enormous Alpine horn through which he was awakening effective echoes. Soon afterwards we passed through a wood and had got into a wrong path, when we were called back by one of the peasantry and guided by a short cut into our proper route.

After about three hours' walk from Lauterbrunnen, we reached the Jungfrau Inn, from which point we had a most glorious view of the Jungfrau itself; and we heard the avalanches, but could not see any. They might be falling on the other side of the mountain. Another walk of about half-anhour brought us to the Little Scheideck, where there is another inn, the Hotel Belle Vue. The view from this point down into the valley of Grindelwald is very fine and extensive. The mountain-tops by this time had become shrouded with mist, and shortly afterwards rain began to fall. We found the three hours' descent into Grindelwald a little tedious, though enlivened at various points by the singing of women and girls; and, as our hotel was at the farthest end of the long, straggling village, I must confess I felt somewhat overdone when our walk was accomplished about two o'clock.

We were able to get some idea of the scenery around Grindelwald, though the rain continued to fall at intervals. The two glaciers are the great attraction here. A return carriage brought us to Interlaken, through grand scenery, about five o'clock. I found that my original travelling companion and his wife had duly explored the neighbourhood of Interlaken, which abounds in wooded eminences, from which there are many pleasing views. I had ascended one of them on the previous Saturday.

Before leaving Bristol, I came across a small illustrated "Guide to Interlaken," by M. Gerber, the Protestant vicar of the place, which we found very useful. He speaks of its

mild climate, and healthy pure atmosphere. I had been under the impression that Interlaken was a low-lying, hot place, at which it was not desirable to tarry for any length of time, and a letter received from home described it as "fever-stricken." In addition. however, to the testimony of the worthy vicar to which reference has just been made, I have that of our medical friend who took us to Lauterbrunnen. He presented me with a pamphlet containing a translation which he had made of a treatise by a French physician. entitled "The Climatic Position of Interlaken: Its Sanitary Advantages and Enjoyments." It contains most elaborate meteorological The climate is said to be at once mild and tonic, and to have a particularly good effect upon the physical development of children, while at the same time it is suitable for persons afflicted with various maladies. It is an excellent medium position for certain stages of pulmonary consumption. Mention is also made of the cow and goat milk cure, the whey cure, and the strawberry and grape cures.

The next day, Wednesday, was thoroughly wet. Our medical friend, however, was not wanting in resources, for he has a splendid microscope, and, as he has a reverent mind, he delighted to give us an insight into the wonderful works of the great Creator.

The Kursaal here is a very convenient place of resort on a wet day. It is pleasantly situated, and contains a large supply of newspapers; admission is free, but we found that a charge is made in the hotel bills for the support of the institution. One night the grounds were very effectively illuminated, and there was a concert in behalf of the poor of the place, at which there was a very large attendance. Women waiters, in Swiss attire, attended to the wants of the guests, as regards refreshments.

We were sorry for the Post-office officials at Interlaken. Sometimes a man, and at other times a woman, went steadily through a very large bundle of letters, as persons of different nations and languages came to make inquiry. I suppose it is considered better to have letters directed "Poste Restante," even when you know beforehand what will be your hotel, because there is more chance of getting letters forwarded when you leave.

I omitted to mention that there is one superior hotel at Interlaken, which is more

favourably situated than any other. It stands on a small eminence just outside the town, and is called "The Jungfraublick Hotel." It was the headquarters of the chaplain.

This was not my first visit to Interlaken, but I had, on a former occasion, passed hurriedly through it. I was glad to become further acquainted with so delightful a spot, and more especially to have the opportunity, which I had long desired, of visiting Mürren, the Wengern Alp, and Grindelwald.

We left Interlaken on Thursday morning for Lucerne. The weather was fine, and as we steamed along Lake Brienz, after going by railway for a few miles, we had a good view of the celebrated Giessbach Falls, which consist of a succession of cascades, which break their way through the midst of a rich forest of fir. They were seen to advantage, probably because there had been so much rain on the previous day. It is usual to stay the night at a large hotel close to the falls, in order to see them illuminated, but we were quite satisfied to view them as they leapt and sparkled in God's own sunshine.

At Brienz we had to wait about half-anhour. It is a great place for wood-carving.

The small Meyringen diligence started before ours. I was sorry not to be able to penetrate into this valley, which is said to concentrate as much of what is Alpine in its beauties as any valley in Switzerland. We were not in a hurry to secure seats in our diligence, because there are generally one or two supplementary carriages which are preferable, and we shortly found ourselves in one of these. We started a little before the diligence, and kept ahead the whole way. It was not long before we began to ascend the Brunig Pass, and it was pleasing to look upwards to the wooded heights, and to see below the wide, farreaching valley, with the red-roofed houses of Meyringen in the distance. As we approached the summit of the pass, we were glad to walk a little. At one point a rock overshadowed the road, under which were children selling baskets of wild raspberries and other things with which to tempt the traveller.

A well-constructed zigzag road soon brought us from the summit of the pass to the lake and village of Lungern, where time was given for lunch. A female in Swiss dress waited upon us, and we enjoyed the potage du jour and a bottle of vin ordinaire, which with

bread constituted our repast. We had some showers as we drove on to Sarnen, but we were not sorry for them, as our eyes were gladdened by some magnificent rainbows.

Sarnen is an interesting place of some importance. When we descended from our voiture, the landlady invited us at once into the garden, and we had some tea. We then had a few minutes left to stroll about the streets.

Another stage brought us to Alpnach, and Lake Lucerne. The spire of Alpnach is a conspicuous object for some distance. One of the stations at which our steamer touched was Hergiswyl, from which the ascent of Mount Pilatus is usually made. Her Majesty Queen Victoria ascended it from Alpnach in 1868.

We reached Lucerne about seven, and, as our hotel was full, we had rooms found us in the dépendance. We had a large number at the table d'hôte. The evening was enlivened by an effective display of fireworks in front of the Schweizerhof hotel, where I had stayed on a previous tour.

The next morning, as I awoke early, I resolved to leave by the half-past six train to visit the Falls of the Rhine, leaving my

friends to follow to Zurich later in the day. It was a bright morning, and I noticed the hotel near the summit of Pilatus glittering in the sunshine.

The big bell of the principal church was booming forth to summon the early worshippers. The train brought me in about an hour to Zug, where there is a beautiful lake. The Rigi is conspicuous from this place, and beyond a portion of the panorama of snow-capped mountains meet the eye. I had an hour at Zurich, where I secured beds for myself and friends, and then started for the Falls of the Rhine.

A quick train took us to Dachsen, from which place there are conveyances to Schloss Laufen, beautifully situated immediately above the falls. I did not tarry to examine the various pictures and curiosities which are to be seen in the castle, but walked straight through to the grounds, from different points of which there are excellent views of the falls, platforms having been erected at intervals. From one of these I could almost touch the foaming torrent in its descent. Some take a boat and row in the midst of the turbulent waters to the middle rock in the falls, but I

was satisfied to take the ferry boat across the stream a few yards below. From this point a steep ascent brought me to the magnificent Schweizerhof Hotel, on the terrace of which lunch is served. Here there is a charming view of the falls, the Schloss Laufen, and the railway bridge which spans the river just above: distant mountains are also to be seen from this spot. The falls, which are the finest in Europe, fully answered my expecta-They are about 300 feet in breadth and 60 in height, and the whole surroundings are most picturesque. Americans who have seen Niagara do not think lightly of them, and I met with an Englishman who said that they grew upon him each time he visited them.

As there was no convenient train from Neuhausen close to the hotel, I was taken in an omnibus to Schaffhausen, about two miles distant. There was rather a steep ascent out of the grounds of the hotel, and we were somewhat amused at seeing a bull attached in front of the omnibus horses for a short distance. On the Continent omnibuses generally put you down at the station about half an hour before the train starts. It was so on this occasion, which gave me the opportunity

of walking through the principal street of the town. There are some very striking frescoes on one of the houses, which I should have been sorry to have missed, and of which I was able to procure a photograph. They included representations of Virtue, Glory, and Immortality.

The train brought me back to Zurich about five o'clock, and I had time for a bathe in the baths on the lake before table d'hôte. Later in the evening I found three or four hundred people in a place called the tonhalle, near the lake, eating and drinking, and listening to excellent music. About ten o'clock, a thunderstorm came on, which might be said to last till ten the next morning. The lake was much agitated, and the wind swept across it with a weird sound.

When we awoke the next morning there was thunder and lightning again. We left for Basle about half-past six, and all through the journey of three hours we had a deluge of rain, accompanied by lightning. As soon as we reached the "Hotel of the Three Kings," there was a vivid flash of lightning, accompanied by a heavy clap of thunder, and then the storm was over.

When visiting Basle on previous occasions I had desired to see the Missionary College of St. Crischona, about six miles off, but had never been able to accomplish it. Accordingly, we hired a conveyance, and had a pleasant drive to the place. The church and college present a picturesque appearance, standing on the summit of a wooded hill. The principal was at home, and explained to us the nature of the institution. There are about fifty students. who attend lectures and are also engaged in manual occupations for a portion of the day. There is a printing press and bookbinding establishment. Between twenty and thirty workmen and apprentices (not students) are employed here and form part of the family. A number of the students are also occupied on the farm for a few hours each day. Spittler was the founder of this college, and also of another in Basle which I had visited on a previous occasion. Miss Spittler, the nurse of St. Crischona, as she has been called, died only last year. We were told that this institution now chiefly supplies men for Home-Mission work, that in Basle itself furnishing Foreign Missionaries. I brought away a report of the Pilgrim Mission, as it is called.

which is written in a very devout spirit, and it appears that there are regular subscribers in Bath and Cheltenham and other places in England, as well as in Switzerland and other parts of the Continent. We were struck with the number of missionary texts on the walls of the church, and with the texts and mottoes in the dining hall.

I was glad to leave a small donation for the benefit of the Mission College, and I am thankful to have had the opportunity of visiting it. We were told that the Archbishop of Canterbury with his daughter came to see it four years ago.

At half-past five we left for Strasburg, arriving there about half-past eight. Our hotel was the "Maison Rouge," in an old square, one side of which was destroyed in the Franco-German war. We saw a cannon ball and a shell still embedded in the front of the hotel. On our way to the English service on Sunday morning we visited the Cathedral, and found a large congregation. The Mass was just over, and a priest ascended the pulpit, round which great numbers assembled to hear first the reading of a long document and then a sermon, both in French. There were about

twenty persons at the English service, which is held in a small room near the Lutheran church. After our own service we had the opportunity of witnessing the administration of the Communion at that church. About nine women and ninety officers and soldiers came up to the table. It was a sort of Choral Communion. A number of soldiers formed a choir, and when they ceased the organ continued to play till towards the end of the service, and then there was a little more singing. Either singing or playing was going on the whole time of administration. There is a very fine monument to Marshal Saxe in this church.

After the English service in the afternoon we again visited the Cathedral, and came in for a grand procession of the Archbishop of Trèves and numerous priests. There had been a special service in some side chapel dedicated to the Virgin, and a choir of women had been singing. We were much struck with the great number of German soldiers in the place, a humiliating sight for the French inhabitants. We strolled outside one of the gates, and found a steam tramway carrying great numbers into the country. They know

little of evening services on the Continent. We left for Brussels at half-past six the next morning.

The journey by day gave us a very good view of Metz, with its grand Cathedral and imposing fortifications. At Luxemburg I left my friends to proceed to Brussels, and took a branch railway to Trèves, which I had long desired to see. The journey only occupied about an hour and a half. At a junction I was put into the last carriage, which was entirely open at one end, so that the wide valley in which Trèves is situated was well seen. It is the oldest city in Germany, but there was not quite that appearance of antiquity which I expected, and the objects of interest were not very numerous. The massive Porta Nigra is the most interesting and conspicuous of all, standing at the entrance of the principal street. The ruins of the Roman Baths are on a very extensive scale. Roman Basilica, a large plain-looking building, has been restored, and is now a Protestant I got into the library, and saw Gutenberg's first Latin and first German The Holy Coat preserved in the Cathedral has not been exhibited since 1844.

After spending two hours at Trèves, I returned to Luxemburg, which itself is pleasantly situated, and took the midnight train to Brussels, where I found my friends. During the morning we visited the Cathedral, the park, the Houses of Parliament, and a lace manufactory.

In the afternoon we took the train for Braine L'Alleud, from which station, and not from Waterloo, the field of battle is most easily visited. Conveyances were waiting at the station to take us to the famous mound, surmounted by the Belgic lion, where a guide described the great battle, shewing us the various points of interest in connection with it. Our visit was somewhat hurried, but I was glad to have accomplished it without devoting an entire day to it. In the evening we came in for grand illuminations and torchlight processions in connection with the national fêtes.

We left for England the next morning, and arrived in London in very good time. There was a strong wind blowing across the Channel, but the sea was not quite as rough as we expected.

We must have had finer weather for our tour than our friends in England had enjoyed, for we had only had rain for one whole and two half days. I found the "Practical Swiss Guide" very useful, and less burdensome than either Murray or Bædeker. I was pleased to traverse old ground, and at the same time to become acquainted with new scenes of interest. The cost of our tour was about £1 5s. a day for each, the railway tickets and hotel bills pretty equally dividing the expenses.

## EXCURSIONS IN SUSSEX.

1881-82.

DO not know that Sussex is usually considered one of the most interesting counties in England, but it has its pleasing features, as almost all our counties have, for those who care to search for them, and I am inclined to pronounce that, after all, few counties surpass it, especially from an antiquarian point of view. As I was led to spend the winter in this county, I will endeavour to make your readers acquainted with a few of its attractions. Of course I write at a disadvantage, inasmuch as summer is the time for appreciating natural beauties; but where these exist they cannot be hid, even in the months of winter, and some of them stand out all the more clearly at this season.

The month of November was spent at Brighton, and while a friend was staying with me we had three walks on three successive days. The first was to the great attraction in the neighbourhood of Brighton—the Devil's Dyke. We had a fine morning for our five or

six miles' walk. We tarried en route at the interesting museum of stuffed birds. These are for the most part natives of Sussex. and the striking feature about them is that they are not shown in bare cases, but each is represented with its natural surroundings of branches, or rocks, or rushes. A little beyond we passed several vineries, and then we came to the open hedgeless downs, where several teams of horses or oxen were employed in ploughing. We had an uphill walk all the way to the Dyke. The appearance of the Dyke itself is very striking, and on the other side of the hill you look down upon the little compact village of Poynings, with its apparently handsome church, and the view in every direction is of a most extensive and pleasing character. On the ridge of the hill near the hotel there was as usual the old fortune-teller in her red cloak. together with Aunt Sally and other attractions.

As a public conveyance, almost the last of the season, was returning to Brighton we availed ourselves of it, and consequently had an hour or two of daylight left for strolling along the Marine Promenade, which presents about the most animated scene in the world during the season on account of the multitude of carriages which are to be seen passing and repassing in quick succession.

Our second day's excursion was to Arundel. After taking the train to Ford Junction, we walked by rather a straight road into the town, passing, near the station, one of the numerous country churches to be found in this neighbourhood, almost all of which have a short tower surmounted by a low pointed roof. A walk of about two miles brought us to the handsome Roman Catholic Chapel built by the Earl of Arundel, of which Hansom, of Bristol, was the architect. A little beyond is the venerable parish church, and then comes the noble castle with its massive gateway.

We did not linger long here, but took the train to Pulborough, hoping to get as far as Midhurst, where the country is said to be very interesting. As soon as we were fairly out of the station, we had a very good view of the whole length of Arundel Castle, which presented a very imposing appearance. We found, however, that the day was too short to admit of the extension of our excursion, so after lunching at the inn on bread and cheese with the addition of pancakes, which happened to be in the frying-pan when we arrived, we took

a return train and tarried an hour at Worthing on our way home.

Our third day's excursion was to Jevington and Eastbourne. After taking the train to Polegate Junction, three stations beyond the pleasantly-situated town of Lewes, we started on our walk to Jevington, about three miles distant. We had an ascent nearly all the way, and the roads were in a muddy and greasy condition. There is a pleasing variety of down and copse on either side, and we passed rather an interesting old house. Jevington is in a most secluded position in a hollow of the South Downs. The rector, who is an old friend of mine, was happily at home, and we joined the family party at lunch. He afterwards showed us his restored church, which still bears traces of its great antiquity, and then put us on our way over the ridge of hill which terminates in Beachy Head. We made straight across it, and soon found ourselves descending into Eastbourne. We entered by the old town, past the fine old church, and had just time for a short drive along the esplanade before taking the Brighton train.

. The next week it was arranged that I should visit the interesting mansion of Wiston,

in company with another friend. To accomplish this we took the train to Steyning, on the Horsham line, passing Bramber Castle, which stands well on a wooded hill, and is a favourite place of resort in the summer. Steyning has a fine church, and many quaint old houses meet the eye as you walk through the small town.

We passed through a pleasant lane with high banks on our way to Wiston Manor, and on arriving at one of the gates we proceeded to consume a few sandwiches which we had brought with us, leaning against the gate as a support. We afterwards obtained a drink of water at the lodge. We were armed with an order, and so presented ourselves with confidence at the door of the mansion. The Rev. John Goring, the owner, was absent, but his family were at home. The butler first showed us the lofty entrance hall, with its timbered roof and deeply mullioned windows. We then passed through the other apartments, which were elegantly furnished, and contained some valuable pictures. These are described in a manuscript book which contains sketches of them done by the Rev. John Goring. of the passages we noticed some panelling

with carvings by Grinling Gibbons. On an ivy-clad wall outside the house there is some curious allegorical sculpture, the meaning of which it is difficult to decipher. From the various windows of the house there is a pleasing view of the deer park and water in the distance. An interesting church stands in the grounds. Wiston is best known from its association with "the brothers Shirley," one of whom travelled far, and brought back a Circassian wife. The present owner, the Rev. John Goring, is also well known by name for his persevering attempts to get the law altered which prevents a clergyman entering Parliament. From this spot Chanctonbury Ring is seen to advantage. It consists of a large clump of trees, standing at the edge of a lofty ridge of down. They were planted by the father of the present owner of Wiston, who lived to see them fully grown.

I took several minor excursions for various reasons while I was at Brighton. One afternoon found me at Southwick, a few miles in the direction of Worthing. My object was to call on a friend who lives there. The church is altogether on a small scale, but the tower is ancient and has traces of Norman windows.

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In the churchyard I found the grave of "Little Nony," of whom a brief memoir has been written. She was very diligent in collecting for the Irish and other societies. Her mother is a Cliftonian. Another day I made a pilgrimage, so to speak, to the grave of a worthy clergyman who for some years resided in Clifton and died there. His remains were brought to his native village of Old Shoreham to be interred in the family vault. The church of Shoreham proper is a very conspicuous object from the railway. It is cruciform and ancient, but it is called New Shoreham Church. Old Shoreham Church is about a mile distant. with just a few cottages near it. It is seen from the handsome Suspension Bridge erected by the Duke of Norfolk; and from the same place Lancing College standing on the slope of a hill is a conspicuous object. In Old Shoreham Church there is a memorial brass to the late Canon Mozley, of Oxford, so well known for his theological works, who was vicar there for many years.

Rottingdean was visited one afternoon. This is on the eastern side of Brighton, and is best known as the village in which an old lady used to keep a large number of starving cats and dogs. It is situated in a valley leading to the sea, at the head of which is the church with a pleasant well-kept churchyard. The surroundings of the church and vicarage form quite an oasis in the midst of the bare downs. I had often occasion to visit Burgess Hill, which stands on high ground about ten miles on the London and Brighton Railway. There is a handsome church in which it was my privilege frequently to preach for the clergyman in charge, who is well known as the author of "Bishops and Deans," "Oxford and Cambridge," &c. There are pleasant walks and extensive views all round Burgess Hill.

After spending November at Brighton, and it will long be remembered as a pleasant November everywhere, we removed to St. Leonard's, to a house in the Marina, from which the waves are seen breaking almost close under the windows. One of the first excursions I took was to Winchelsea and Rye, in company with a relative who was staying with us. We selected a Tuesday, as it is the only day in the week on which there is a return train in the afternoon. We reached Winchelsea soon after ten, and entered it by an ascent through the Land-gate, one of the old gates of

the town, which at one time was fortified by walls of masonry. The streets are broad, and in the centre of a very large square, something like a cathedral close, stands the church, or rather the chancel of what was an enormous edifice. There is a somewhat picturesque bell turret, and the whole is covered thickly with ivy, which even creeps through the roof. There are several canopied tombs and richly carved monuments. In the large well-kept churchyard we saw a grave containing some of the bodies washed ashore from the wreck of the Northfleet, in January, 1878.

There are several good houses in the immediate neighbourhood of the church. John Wesley, who preached his last sermon in this town, describes it as "beautifully situated on the top of a steep hill, and regularly built in broad streets crossing each other, and encompassing a very large square, in the midst of which was a large church now in ruins." The old town was swallowed up by the sea in the thirteenth century, and the present one erected on a more secure site. We had a pleasant walk past the town nearly a mile to one of the gates called the New Gate, situated at the bottom of a hill. From this

point we could see Fairlight Church, just above Hastings. We did not visit the Friars—some ruins to be seen in a garden—and we afterwards found that they are only on view on Mondays. We caught sight of an opening to some old vaults as we passed through one of the streets, and were shown through them.

We descended from the town through the Strand Gate to the Marsh, and made a detour in order to reach Camber Castle, which is about an equal distance between Winchelsea and Rye. Here we were glad of the minute directions as to route given by Jennings in his pleasant work, "Field Paths and Green Lanes." Camber Castle has a large round central tower, with a keep inside, and is surrounded by a round massive wall. It was built by Henry VIII. to defend the coast. Great numbers of sheep were grazing round it.

Following Jennings' directions as we left the castle, we soon found ourselves on an embankment leading to Rye. It stands on a hill like Winchelsea, but is a much larger place, with one long tolerably wide street and several narrow ones, looking very ancient. After passing through a modern part of the town, we ascended into the main street by the Landgate Tower, which is in good condition and has a clock over the archway. church is the great object of interest here. It is very large and cruciform, quite cathedrallike, but it is in a very dilapidated condition. A nephew of the Premier, who is the vicar, is doing his best to get it restored, but we were told that £20,000 will be needed. The Communion table is of solid mahogany, very massive and beautifully carved, and is said to have been taken, with the clock, in the Spanish Armada, and presented to the town by Queen Elizabeth. The enormous pendulum of the clock is seen swinging inside just over your head as you enter. The old Yprés, or High Press Tower as some of the people call it, is an interesting object as seen from the churchyard, but it is partly spoilt by a police-station and a soup-kitchen being built into it.

By much perseverance we found out a house which was once the Mermaid Inn. It contains some fine carved oak and also some old Dutch tiles in a fireplace representing different scenes. The attics, too, with huge oaken timbers running across them, are worth a visit. In another street there are some interesting remains of a chapel of Augustine

Friars. I will conclude my account of Rye with another quotation from Wesley, as given in the Hastings Guide. Visiting it in 1778, he says, characteristically, "I set out for Sussex, and found an abundance of people willing to hear the good Word, at Rye in particular. And they do many things gladly, but they will not part with the accursed thing smuggling." We reached Hastings by train about half-past four, having greatly extended our knowledge of two of the Cinque Ports.

The neighbourhood of Hastings is most charming. You have hill and dale and pleasant woods in every direction. St. Andrew's Park, which lies in a long valley, is most extensive, the only drawback being that it is some distance from the sea and the principal lodging-houses. At the end of this valley is Old Roar, a pleasant waterfall in a well-wooded glen, the water falling a depth of forty feet over an almost perpendicular rock; but the best view of it is to be had from private grounds, from which the public are excluded.

Ore Church with its spire stands on very high ground about three miles from St. Leonards. Large and picturesque timbered

houses of the Tudor style are dotted about among the trees in the estate just below. The son of a well-known Bristol clergyman has the church here, and as he then had illness of an infectious character in his house, it was my privilege to take many of his Sunday services. The ruins of the old church are close by. The village proper is about a mile off in the direction of Hastings, and has another church served by a curate. Ore rectory lies in a valley surrounded by trees, about half-way between Hastings and the church.

One of the most interesting walks is over the west hill, the old castle being the first object to be seen. There is no call to linger long here. The prospect a little beyond is almost unrivalled, taking in the whole of Hastings and the neighbourhood.

Lower down the hill, just above old St. Clement's Church, are St. Clement's Caves, which are very extensive. Some think that they were constructed by Danish smugglers, others that they were places of refuge for the early Christians in time of persecution. Several figures are to be seen in them. The caves were visited by the Prince and Princess of Wales in 1864.

The great attraction near Hastings is Fairlight Glen, but before this is reached you come to Ecclesbourn Glen, which may well be visited separately. This we did. It is approached by walking over the east hill. The old town is seen nestling between the east and west hills. A grassy walk over the top of the cliffs brings you to the glen, a beautiful and picturesque spot. We did not descend into it, as the paths were very slippery from recent rains, but returned almost by the same route. A few weeks afterwards I approached the glen from the sea shore.

Another day we walked to Fairlight Glen. The road through the early part of the glen was almost impassable from mud and a running stream, but we soon reached the green sward, from which we looked down upon wood and precipice and the wide reach of sea beyond. With some little difficulty we found the "lover's seat" as it is called, but we omitted to look for the dripping well. In summer this must be an enchanting spot.

We had a dirty walk across one or two fields to Fairlight Church, which stands on remarkably high ground, and must serve as a beacon for many miles. There is a view over the British Channel from Beachy Head to the South Foreland. Dungeness Point is plainly discerned. The prospect inland is marvellously extensive. It is said that thirteen towns and sixty-seven churches are to be seen. We were there rather too late on a winter's day to take in the view. In the churchyard we noticed the tomb of Professor Scholefield and his wife.

On the other side of Hastings and St. Leonards is the village of Bexhill, pleasantly situated on an eminence. In our walk to it we followed the directions given by the author of "Field Paths and Green Lanes," and turned off from the main road into a field-path which we found extremely wet and dirty, but it saved us following the windings of the road. The church at Bexhill has undergone complete The village itself is rather a restoration. pleasant one, with a few good houses in it. Just outside, a sanatorium--a lofty building of red brick—is a conspicuous object. Some new houses are being built on the road to the station. We returned by the coastguard cottages, and after walking along a path for some distance we descended to the shingle, which sank in very much as we walked upon it. We soon found ourselves under some interesting cliffs, but as it was now nearly dark we could not fully appreciate them. We then left the coast, and crossing the railway reached the main road not far from the Bull Inn. This appears to have been called at one time the Nunhide Haven. William the Conqueror is said to have taken his dinner near here on one occasion.

One of our great excursions was to Battle Abbey and Normanhurst, the seat of Sir Thomas Brassey, M.P. We took the train to Battle one Tuesday morning, for this is the day on which both places are shewn, and found that we had to wait more than an hour before we could be admitted to the famous abbey; so we filled up the time by visiting the church. buying tickets of admission to the abbey. and photographs, and ordering lunch at the principal hotel. The church is an ancient structure, containing some interesting monuments and tablets, including one to the memory of the Rev. Edward Cartwright, the inventor of the power loom. There were several verses of poetry on it. Precisely at twelve we passed through the gateway of the

abbey with a few others. This gateway presents an imposing appearance from the main street of the town. It consists of a tower with three stories and octagonal turrets. We were taken first to a terrace walk, from which there is a very extensive and pleasing view, and the celebrated battle which began on the height of Senlac was described to us in detail. We were then shown the various parts of the ruins, and attention was specially called to the spot where Harold fell, near which the remains of the east end of the church have been discovered. We were not taken inside the house as the family were at home.

After lunch we took a trap to Normanhurst, a distance of three miles, to save time on a short day. It is a fine mansion standing on high ground, and is a most conspicuous object in the landscape. The entrance hall with its large fireplace contains many objects of interest, and the conservatory is visible from it. We were taken through a suite of rooms almost crowded with curiosities brought from different parts of the world by Sir Thomas and Lady Brassey. The grounds are very extensive and beautiful. We had not time to visit the stables.

Our walk to Hastings, a distance of about nine miles, lay through the villages of Catsfield and Crowhurst, with the latter of which I was well acquainted. At Catsfield we came across a young clergyman who had just been appointed to the living, one of the curates of St. Peter's, Eaton Square. Crowhurst lies in a valley. There is a famous yew tree in the churchyard, and the ruins of an old manor house, built in the thirteenth century, stand near the church. The road from Crowhurst to Hastings is hilly, and must be remarkably pretty in summer. It was quite dark when we reached St. Leonards.

My next great excursion was to Bodiam Castle, in company with another friend who wrote a paper the other day for "All the Year Round," entitled "Wanderings in Sussex," but not including Bodiam. We took the train to Robertsbridge Station. As we walked through the small town, I was struck with the picturesque appearance of an old inn, approached by rather a long flight of steps. No church was to be seen, though there were several chapels. We afterwards discovered that the church is at Salehurst, a mile distant. In walking to Bodiam we had this church on our

left, and we presently came to an interesting and superior farm house, constructed partly of the stones of an old abbey, the outline of one of the ancient windows being very conspicuous. Some ruins were also to be seen in the garden. We soon got on to a low embankment and followed the course of the river Rother through a wide valley all the way to Bodiam, a walk of about three and a half miles. We could see Salehurst Church for a long distance as we looked behind, and Bodiam soon appeared in view. The castle and village lie low, but the schoolroom where the ticket of admission is obtained is a conspicuous object on the hill, with a lofty belfry. The keys are kept at a small cottage near the castle. You almost expect, as Jennings remarks, to hear the warders challenge and see the drawbridge drawn up as you approach. There are seven or eight turreted towers, but little of the interior remains. The most, a wide deep piece of water, is as complete as when the castle was built in 1386. It is thought by some to be quite as pretty a ruin as Hurstmonceux.

Before leaving Bodiam, we turned aside to visit the church, which is pleasantly situated on the slope of a hill some little distance from the castle and not seen from it. We then took the road to Salehurst and Robertsbridge, passing the Junction Inn. It is pretty, and there is a steep descent into Salehurst. The church here is a grand one, commanding, as Jennings expresses it, all the road. Near to it is an antiquated inn with a thatched roof, green with moss and other vegetation. It rejoices in the sign of "The Old Eight Bells." We had a rapid walk to catch the train at Robertsbridge.

A few weeks afterwards, in company with another friend. I visited the rival castle, so to speak, of Hurstmonceux. We took the train to Hailsham, a town about seven miles from Eastbourne, and after lunching at the vicarage were driven to Hurstmonceux. the first house we came to in the place was the vicarage, beautifully situated on rising ground some distance from the road and surrounded by trees. We next came to Gardner Street, and more than a mile beyond is the church, standing on very high ground. Near an old yew tree is the grave of Julius Charles Hare, who was rector of the parish for many years. Other graves of the Hare family are near it. We looked in vain for that of John Sterling, the curate who has had more than one biographer. There the vicar's carriage left us and we descended through a field to the majestic castle. It is one of the finest brick buildings in England, and was erected in the reign of Henry VI. The gateway, partially clad with ivy, is most imposing and at the same time very picturesque. The exterior walls and towers remain, shewing the vast extent of this grand baronial mansion. We did not enter, as the admission was halfa-crown that day, and there is not much to be seen inside.

After taking a general view of the whole, with which we were much charmed, we began our walk to Pevensey. The village of Wartlinghill is pleasantly situated on high ground, and a road with high wooded banks on either side leads down into the marshes, through which we were to have a three miles walk along a winding road into Pevensey. The castle here was built by the Romans, and embraced the old town of Anderida. The walls, which are partially covered with ivy, are low and of great thickness. It is well seen from the railway. Both Cæsar and William the Conqueror are said to have

landed at Pevensey. There are two good churches in the place.

There are some interesting references to this neighbourhood in the Life of Baroness Bunsen. She speaks of the little Sussex hills, and of the whole country being in waves with deep narrow dells. She also refers to Hurstmonceux Place, a large mansion which we saw from the castle.

As I was officiating at Hailsham for two or three Sundays in the absence of the vicar, I was driven one Monday morning to Michelham Priory, about two miles off. There is an interesting old tower here and a moat. Parts of the ancient edifice may be seen in the walls of the present house. Underneath in the cellars there is some vaulted roofing which I did not see.

I omitted to mention when describing the immediate neighbourhood of Hastings that one of the pleasantest walks is to Hollington, where there is a small church of the thirteenth century in the heart of a thick wood. Not very far from Hollington there is a valley called Silverdale, inhabited chiefly by gipsies, tinkers, and others of that class, and it is regarded as quite a field for mission work.

But I must now conclude, thankful to have had the opportunity of becoming more fully acquainted with an interesting county, though probably half its beauties and objects of interest have yet to be explored.

## A THREE WEEKS' TOUR IN ITALY.

**60** see Rome is probably the desire of every one, and now it can be accomplished with no great difficulty, and at a reasonable cost, thanks to those who provide for us travelling coupons and hotel coupons You are thus saved the trouble of booking at each stage of your journey, and you know exactly what you will have to pay for all that is absolutely necessary from day to day, a margin being left in your calculation for various extras. A circular tour in Italy enables you, of course, to visit many fair cities besides Rome, not to speak of the Italian Lakes. These, however, my companion and I had seen already, so that our tour was confined to leading cities. We went by the south of France and returned by Turin and Chambery, passing through the Mont Cenis Tunnel, now, I suppose, rivalled, or eclipsed, by the St. Gothard enterprise.

I need not stay to describe our journey to Paris, viâ Folkestone and Boulogne. Leaving

Paris about half-past nine that same night, we reached Lyons about ten the next morning, and Marseilles in the evening. We were struck with the scenery about Lyons. The hilly banks of the Saone are dotted with houses, and the position of the city itself is very effective. We were sorry not to be able to tarry here for a few hours. After leaving Lyons we had the company of the noble swift-flowing Rhone. We had a good view of Avignon as we passed through it. There appeared to be several interesting buildings, the most conspicuous being one which looked like a great fortress. This was doubtless the immense Papal Palace, which is now used as a barrack and prison.

The main street of Marseilles presents a busy scene, and the principal hotels are situated in it. We were struck with the high and handsome canopies connected with the cafés to shield the customers from sun and rain, as they sit outside sipping their coffee at innumerable small tables. In the course of the evening we found out a house of rest for sailors, at which a service had just been held. Here we met a Mr. Faithful, who lives at Nice, and is interested in evangelistic work.

In the morning we strolled into a small market place, set apart for the sale of flowers. There at intervals we saw women perched up in boxes like low pulpits, busily engaged in tying up flowers most artistically, which were handed to them from below. Before leaving at noon we made a pilgrimage to a lofty eminence, on which is placed a handsome church called Notre Dame de la Garde, surmounted by a large image of the Virgin. From this point we had an excellent view of the city and the port.

We had had drenching rain the previous day, and it was a comfort to have the weather fine for our railway journey to Mentone. We were struck with the custom of hanging the church bell on an iron framework at the top of the square tower, though I have seen a somewhat similar arrangement on the borders of Somersetshire. I do not think we saw much of Toulon as we passed it. Some Roman remains were visible at Frejus. We were now close to the shores of the blue Mediterranean. Roses were in full bloom at the stations, and orange and lemon groves abounded. After passing Cannes we had a good view of the white houses of Nice,

covering the slopes of the hills. We should gladly have tarried here a while, but felt it necessary to press forward. Charming gardens were to be seen at Monaco and Monte Carlo; the former presents the remarkable appearance of a fortified town jutting out into the sea, and both are notorious as the resort of gamblers.

We reached Mentone in time for table d'hôte, and afterwards called upon Canon Woodruff, the chaplain of the church in the East Bay, where our hotel was situated. Châlet de Rosier, where the Queen stayed. was almost immediately behind our hotel. It is an unpretending mansion nestling among trees on rising ground, and the woodwork of the broad overhanging eaves and the shutters is painted brown, presenting a contrast to the universal green which is seen on the other houses. The Roman Catholic Church stands well, and is a conspicuous object on one side of the bay. Lofty mountains furnish an imposing back ground. The east bay is on a small scale, and the view somewhat confined. the early morning we visited the cemetery. which rises up behind the church already referred to in several terraces, where we found

many graves of Englishmen. We also took a drive to the further end of our bay to see Pont Louis, where a stream rushes through a gorge into the sea, defining the boundary between France and Italy. You have to pass through a long and rather narrow street to get to the other bay, which we did not fully explore. We accomplished a bathe in the Mediterranean, the bathing place being immediately opposite our hotel. We found the water rather cold, but it was, on that account, the more refreshing.

Our next stage was to Genoa. Vintimille. the station at which you enter Italy, was soon reached, and there was a searching of luggage. The officials did not appear to be strict: but there was considerable confusion and crowding. Bordighera was next reached, situated among groves of olives and palms, the latter being grown to supply Rome at Easter. Then came San Remo, a favourite resort abounding in hotels, with beautiful environs. Bishop Barker, the excellent metropolitan of Australia, died here in the spring. He was a man of a most catholic spirit, and it was his habit to join the Bible readings here, at which ministers and others of various denominations were assembled. During the rest of our day's journey we

passed through no places of very special interest. Tunnels were very numerous.

Late in the afternoon we reached Genoa la Superba, as the city is called. Our hotel—a very good one—was situated in a narrow street, paved from side to side without causeways, and the high houses on either side seemed almost to meet. At the back of the hotel we had a good view of the port and shipping and the sea beyond. It was Saturday night, and we found service or singing going on at some of the churches.

On Sunday morning, before going to the English Church, we visited the Cathedral of St. Lorenzo. It is a noble building, with alternate stripes of black and white marble. We next walked along the favourite promenade of the city, the Acqua Sola, and in due time found ourselves at the English Church, in time for service. There was but a small congregation. The singing, however, was well led, and we heard a very fair sermon. The chaplain undertakes the oversight of the English sailors who visit the port. Afterwards we called at the house of M. Prochet, the Waldensian pastor, who has visited Clifton. He was in Rome, but we saw his

son, who told us a little about the work in Genoa. A considerable sum is raised in Bristol and Clifton for the Waldensian Missions.

In the afternoon we walked to the Campo Santo, or burying-ground, which is some distance out of the city, surrounded by vine-clad hills. There is a vast marble colon-naded corridor, containing large numbers of sculptured figures, most exquisitely wrought in marble.

The next morning we had a guide to take us to various marble palaces. They are all rich in pictures, frescoes, and marbles; and it is difficult to remember the distinct characteristics of each. Other objects of interest are the Church of the Annunziata, "gorgeous in gleaming marbles and burning gold," and a very handsome statue of Columbus, with large allegorical figures at its base. Genoa is famous for its manufacture of filagree silver. Though it is an extremely busy place, many of the streets are very narrow; there are some exceptions. From the sea it must present a very striking appearance with its back ground of hills.

We left for Pisa early in the afternoon. There were some delightful spots about twenty miles from Genoa, evidently the resort of Genoese merchants. I was specially struck with Rapallo, which stands at the head of a small bay, amid most picturesque scenery, and has a tall Campanile tower. After passing the Gulf of Spezia the mountains of Carrara came in sight, and the streaks of marble presented the appearance of snow. Along the whole of the journey we had tunnels every few minutes.

As there was still some daylight left when we reached Pisa we determined to see the lions of the place that night. Accordingly, we took a carriage and guide, and after crossing the Arno arrived at the spot which combines all that is interesting in Pisa. You have close together the Cathedral and the baptistery, each with a large dome, the Campo Santo, and the famous leaning tower. Unhappily, all were closed for the evening, and we had to be satisfied with a view of the exteriors. It was something, however, to look for a time upon this wonderful group of buildings. Of course. our attention was specially directed to the tower, which is light and graceful, with its tiers of pillars and arches, and certainly presents a remarkable appearance, leaning to the extent of thirteen feet; this leaning must have taken place in the progress of construction.

The next morning we left soon after five o'clock for Rome. It was at this point of our journey that we spelt out in an Italian paper the shocking intelligence of the assassination of two of her Majesty's Ministers in Ireland. We were sorry not to have a peep at Leghorn, but it is not on the main line. We soon began to approach the coast; and beyond a chain of hills, projecting into the sea, we saw the island of Elba. On the left we had the Apennines, and many lower eminences were to be seen crowned with ruins of old Etruscan towns. Swampy ground, white cattle, and charcoal burners arrested our attention at intervals.

At length we arrived at Civita Vecchia, the old fortified port of Rome, and about two hours distant from it. As we passed through the Campagna we naturally strained our eyes to get the first view of "The Eternal City." We saw several domes, but we could not distinguish St. Peter's, and probably it was not visible. We entered the station about two o'clock in the afternoon. It was at this station

that we saw a large tablet with an inscription which contained the name of George Stephen-The hotel we had selected was in the Via Babuino, but the next day we removed to the Costanzi, a fine building standing on high ground. Our first act was to call on a Mr. Forbes, who lives close by. He is thoroughly acquainted with the city; has written an excellent Guide, and frequently gives promenade lectures on the principal objects of interest. He recommended us to spend our first afternoon in taking a drive, which would embrace all that was most striking, so as to get a general idea of the city, and he kindly sketched out a route for us, which we found most satisfactory. It commenced with the Pincian Hill. the favourite resort of the Romans, and ended with St. Peter's, just about the time of Vespers. This, however, seemed to consist of nothing but a loud vociferating on the part of a number of priests. We had had a glimpse of the two grandest things in Rome, the Colosseum and St. Peter's, the former remarkable for its vastness and historical associations, the latter as a marvel of architectural genius.

The next day, after calling at the Post Office, which has a very handsome frontage, with a square and arcades at the back in which the various offices are situated, we availed ourselves of a tramway to visit the church of St. Paul, passing on the way the small circular temple of Vesta, consisting of twenty Corinthian columns, now covered by a wooden roof. the high pyramidal tomb of Caius Cestius, and the Protestant Cemetery. The church of St. Paul is a magnificent basilica, built on the site of a church erected by Constantine to commemorate the martyrdom of the apostle. marble pavement is the most perfect in the There are 80 columns of granite world. between the nave and side aisles, with capitals of white marble, which are reflected in the pavement. There are malachite altars given by the Czar of Russia, and alabaster pillars presented by the Pasha of Egypt. Above the columns of the nave and aisles, and in the transepts, are a long series of portrait medallions of all the popes in mosaic. Like many of the other churches it must be chiefly for show, as there did not appear to be a large population near it.

We next visited the theatre of Marcellus, which was of various styles of architecture, but is now a good deal disfigured by some of the arches being occupied by workshops. It held 20,000 spectators. We made a point of passing through the Ghetto or Jews' quarter, consisting of very narrow streets. There was no mistaking the race of the occupants, and they appeared to be very industrious.

We next visited the Jesu Church, the principal church of the Jesuits, and one of the most richly decorated in Rome. On the altar there is the globe of the earth, composed of lapis lazuli, and surrounded by representations of the Trinity. The column of Trajan is a most striking object, having between two and three thousand human figures in relief upon it, besides other objects. In the afternoon we had a conveyance for two or three hours, which took us first to the baths of Caracalla. I saw some interesting remains of Roman baths at Trèves last year, but these far surpass them in extent and interest. In fact, next to the Colosseum, they are the most impressive perhaps of all the ruins in Rome. The perfection of the structure is still apparent. A number of mosaic pavements remain, and fine pieces of statuary have been found here. There was accommodation for 1600 bathers. We shortly afterwards passed into the Appian Way, constructed 800 B.C., the street of tombs, "the queen of roads," consecrated too by the footsteps of St. Paul, and we might have exclaimed with the poet Rogers:—

"Ah, little thought I, when in school I sat,
A school-boy on his bench, at early dawn,
Glowing with Roman story, I should live
To tread the Appian, once an avenue
Of monuments most glorious, palaces,
Their doors sealed up and silent as the night,
The dwellings of the illustrious dead."

We noticed one of the Columbaria, so called from the rows of little niches, resembling the holes in a modern pigeon-house, which contained the urns in which the ashes of the dead were deposited. But our principal object in traversing the Appian Way was to reach the Catacombs of St. Calixtus. These were shown by the appointed guide, but we were so hurried through the long galleries that there was little opportunity for examining these wonderful abodes of the Christian dead. There were about five graves in each tier. It is said that there are not less than 350 miles of them, if stretched out in one continuous line. should have been glad to have investigated more minutely the various emblems and inscriptions. We embraced in returning a view of the basilica church of St. Croce in Gerusalemme, said to have been erected by St. Helena in honour of the cross found by her. There are several objects of interest in it.

The next day was, I suppose, our great one in Rome, because it was set apart for St. Peter's and the Vatican. Crossing the bridge of St. Angelo and passing under the shadow of the grand old circular castle, bearing the same name, which is conspicuous in all views of Rome. we reached the famous Piazza of St. Peter's, with its fountains glittering in the sunshine and the lofty obelisk rising in the centre. We sought shelter from the sun in one of the handsome semi-circular colonnades. which on either side lead up to the church, and then after ascending three successive flights of marble steps we entered the grandest edifice of the Christian world. At the top of the steps, we met with a superior-looking guide, whose services we secured, arranging for him to meet us in an hour's time to take us to the Vatican.

The impression produced by the vastness of the interior of St. Peter's and its propor-

tions has often been described. In the words of Byron,

Enter: its grandeur overwhelms thee not:
And why? It is not lessened; but thy mind,
Expanded by the genius of the spot,
Has grown colossal, and can only find
A fit abode wherein appear enshrined
Thy hopes of immortality.

On the right the bronze seated statue of St. Peter, though not very large, arrests attention, with its toes worn by the kisses of the devout. In the centre is the shrine of St. Peter, surrounded by nearly a hundred gold lamps always burning. Beyond is the great High Altar with its massive bronze canopy, and behind this, in the centre of the apse, is the Tribune, where an immense bronze work contains the episcopal throne of St. Peter and his so-called successors. Above is the mighty dome, covered with representations in mosaic. Before leaving the edifice we ascended the dome, which we did not find a very laborious process, and were amply repaid by the magnificent view which met our eyes. There was the panorama of Rome beneath us, the sea in the distance, and the Sabine hills still retaining the snow of winter or spring, which

accounted for the cool atmosphere we enjoyed in Rome. We noticed in the roof houses for workmen and others. It is generally admitted that the effect of the dome as you approach the church is somewhat disappointing. It presents a squat appearance compared with that of our own St. Paul's, which is graceful and symmetrical, and has the advantage in point of position.

Our guide did not fail us. He had been to secure his late déjeuner, and was ready to guide us through the Vatican. Passing the Swiss guard, with their peculiar uniform of white and red stripes, we ascended the Scala Regia and entered the Sistine Chapel. This contains the great fresco of Michael Angelo, representing the last judgment. It is now, however, somewhat faded and defaced. It is a grand picture, but open to criticism as regards the treatment of the subject. The ceiling is decorated with exquisite frescoes by the same artist illustrating the early chapters of Genesis.

We next visited the picture galleries, but even if I had a distinct recollection of the principal objects of interest it would be wearying to describe them. Our attention was

naturally concentrated on "The Transfiguration," Raphael's masterpiece. Below, a boy possessed with an evil spirit is brought to the disciples, while above. He who has all power appears transfigured in glory. The colouring is gorgeous, and the aspect of the Saviour presents the most perfect rapture, purity, and The Vatican Museum, or collection of antiquities, the finest in the world, is approached from a separate entrance at the back of St. Peter's. On our way to it we found an old man at a stall, and were glad to procure from him a light lunch. We had some good white wine which he poured from a vessel resembling an oil can, and a little fruit and bread formed the remainder of our repast. The gem of this collection is the wonderful group of the Laocoon discovered in 1506 near the ruins of the baths of Titus. The father. the boys, and the awful folds of the serpents were formed out of a single block of marble. Another grand piece of sculpture is the Apollo Belvedere.

The far-famed Vatican Library was most interesting, the rooms being beautifully decorated, and the contents of a very choice character. We made a point of seeing the

celebrated Codex Vaticanus, which contains the oldest of the Septuagint versions of the Scriptures, and the first Greek one of the New Testament. We also saw the Cicero de Republica, the oldest Latin manuscript extant. In the centre of the library are magnificent vases and basins, presented by great personages: one room contained presents of books, magnificently bound, sent to Pius IX. from every part of the world. Those who sympathise with the Pope as being a prisoner in the Vatican may find satisfaction in remembering that his prison contains several thousands of rooms, and that he has a most extensive garden to walk in. Our most intelligent guide left us about three o'clock, and in the course of the afternoon we had a drive through the grounds of the Villa Borghese, the most fashionable and agreeable of all the drives and walks round the Capitol. It corresponds in a manner to our Hyde Park, and was full of equipages.

On the morning of the fourth day our guide met us at the hotel by appointment, and we took a carriage for another and final round of sight-seeing. We drove first to the church of the Cappuccinni, more especially to see the a large statue of Moses, one of the most famous works of Michael Angelo.

We came next to the Colosseum, which Byron describes as "a noble wreck in ruinous perfection." We surveyed it more thoroughly than on our previous visit, by ascending to one of the galleries. There were six tiers in all. The amphitheatre held eighty-seven thousand people, and a hundred thousand could be got inside it. Sufficient is left to indicate the construction of the building. We were struck with its immense magnitude, and with the massive character of the double corridor which runs around it. There were eighty arches of entrance, and it could be emptied in ten minutes. In the large arena wild beasts were exhibited, and fought together. Gladiators contended one with another, or with beasts. Here, too, naval fights took place, water being let in for the purpose. But this building is invested with the deepest interest in our eyes. from the consideration of the number of Christian martyrs who perished there. think especially of the venerable Ignatius. "On this spot," remarks Newman Hall, "more eager for the lions than the most ravenous of them for him, did the grey-headed saint, in

the presence of a hundred thousand spectators, testify his unflinching faith that He whom he served was able to save to the uttermost."

Close to the Colosseum is the Meta Sudans, a name given to a fountain, now in ruins, which was used by the spectators or the gladiators. The next object which arrested our attention was the triumphal arch of Constantine, the finest and best preserved of these structures. It was erected to commemorate the victories of the first Christian Emperor.

Not far from this is the Arch of Titus, the conqueror of Jerusalem, with representations of which we are all so familiar. The great features of interest in it are the relievos under the arch, one of which represents the triumphant procession with the spoil of the Temple. the Ark of the Covenant, and the seven branched candlesticks. On the opposite side is the Emperor Titus in a chariot drawn by four horses, preceded by Romans wearing laurel wreaths. At the further end of the Forum stands the Arch of Septimius Severus. the Emperor who died at York. Standing in front of this arch, you are surrounded on all sides by broken monuments, shattered pillars, and crumbling ruins. To attempt an elaborate description of the Forum is not desirable, nor had we time to study it thoroughly in detail. In front stretches the Via Sacra which Horace loved. Close by are the columns which mark the ruins of the Temples of Saturn and Vespasian, and the remains of the Temple of Concord are near them. The Rostra, or orator's tribune, the Pillar of Phocas, the Basilica Julia, the Tabularium, where the archives of the state were kept, the golden milestone from which was calculated the distance of all the principal cities of the world, and many other objects were pointed out to us by our guide.

We must not omit to mention our visit to the Mamertine Prison, which is in a corner of the Forum under the church of St. Guiseppe. With an attendant bearing a lighted candle, we descended about thirty steps into the Mamertine dungeon, constructed six hundred years before Christ. In the centre of the floor there is a hole down which prisoners were thrust into a lower prison. It is cold, damp, and quite dark. Both St. Peter and St. Paul are said to have been confined here. It is probable that the latter of these may have been the occupant of this dismal

dungeon. It is said that he here wrote his second epistle to Timothy.

And now we ascend a handsome flight of steps to the celebrated Piazza del Campidoglio, or square of the Capitol, where the bust of Garibaldi was displayed the other day amid enthusiastic demonstrations. There are the colossal statues of Castor and Pollux on either side, and in the centre of the square stands the fine bronze equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius. The whole was designed by Michael Angelo. On the left is the museum of the Capitol, which ranks second to that of the Vatican. The gems of the collection are the dying gladiator, immortalized by Byron, the Venus of the Capitol, the fawn of Praxiteles. and numerous busts of Roman emperors. philosophers, statesmen, and warriors.

Close to the Capitol is the church of the Ara Cæli; but this we overlooked. The church itself is interesting, and it contains the miracle-working figure of the infant Saviour, the Santissima Bambino, which is shown to visitors. It is covered with jewels, and a recent visitor to Rome (the Rev. J. B. Figgis, of Brighton) speaks of having had this mass of fraud and finery in his arms. He describes

it as one of the *impositions* palmed upon the credulity of the pious in the capital of Christendom. We concluded our long morning with a visit to two grand palaces, the Palazzo Borghese and the Palazzo Doria, each containing a very choice collection of pictures.

In the course of the afternoon, I made a point of seeing the interior of Trinity Church. in which Dr. Gason, who resides in the city, takes a great interest. He kindly took me to it, and expressed a hope that I should be able to find a chaplain for next winter. The church is of the Basilica type. It was built by the Pope's architect, and the screen at the back of the Communion table is in imitation of that in the Sistine Chapel. Above is a beautiful but somewhat unusual text: "Thou, O Lord, art in the midst of us." I noticed that there were open pews with straw seats for each worshipper. The Bishop of Gibraltar has preached twice in this church. It is in the hands of evangelical trustees, and the chaplain finds himself quite a centre of union among the Protestant workers in Rome. The impressions of the chaplain of last winter, the Rev. H. Parry, are worth quoting. He says:

"I went to Rome expecting to find much that would impress the imagination and perhaps modify the opinions of one who had been nurtured in an opposite system. I came away convinced that the ritual of Rome is a paltry and tawdry thing; that its effect is to substitute an unintelligent gaze at something done for a man, for a true participation by blended will and devout desire in true adoration." He goes on to speak of the sad obscuring of God's truth.

We took the train for Naples that night. I must mention, however, a few other objects of interest which we saw at intervals during our three-and-a-half days' sojourn in Rome.

The Pantheon stands first in importance. It is about the best-preserved of all the ancient buildings. It is circular, and lighted only by a round hole in the centre of the dome. It has been transformed into a church, the figures of the Virgin and saints being substituted for those which represent heathen deities. The ancient Corinthian portico is remarkably fine. It is difficult to realise the vast dimensions of the building. Raphael and Victor Emmanuel are buried here, and the bones of Garibaldi may soon repose near them.

Two of the most important churches were Santa Maria Maggiore and St. John Lateran. The former is a vast basilica, most sumptuously embellished, and the latter, which is also very handsome, is famous as being the Metropolitan church, in which the Popes have been crowned.

Of the Piazzas of Rome, that which bears the name of del Popolo, is the most striking. It is a large square, with an obelisk in the centre, surrounded by four water-spouting At one end there is the handsome lionesses. Porta del Popolo, just outside which is the upper room which has long been used for the English Church, for which a handsome building is now being substituted within the city. Near the gate is the church of St. Maria del Popolo, which contains handsome monuments. On one side of the square there is the approach to the shaded terraces of the Pincio. streets diverge from this Piazza, the central one being the Corso, the principal street of Rome, about a mile in length, but not very The two other streets are the Via del wide. Babuino, in the English quarter, and the Via di Ripetta, in the direction of the Tiber and the castle of St. Angelo. Where these streets diverge there are two other small churches with domes. The view of the Piazza from the Pincian Hill, with St. Peter's in the distance, is very fine.

The Piazza di Spagna is the centre of the English quarter, and is of triangular form. It contains a boat-shaped fountain and a column. The long and broad Spanish staircase descends into it from the church of St. Trinita dei monti. This staircase is a favourite resort for artists' models, who are attired in picturesque costumes.

The Piazza Navona, near the centre of the city, is large and of an oblong form. It contains three fountains. The central one, which supports an obelisk, forms a circular basin with a mass of rock in the centre, to which are chained four river gods. The fountains are certainly among the principal features of the city. The grandest of all is the Fountain "It is a great palace front, with de Trevi. niches and many bas-reliefs and statues. At the base appears Neptune with his floundering steeds and tritons. Over a central precipice falls the water in a semi-circular cascade. and from a hundred crevices on all sides snowy jets gush up, and streams spout out of the mouths and nostrils of stone monsters.

water at length pours itself into a great marble basin occupying the whole width of the Piazza, and fills it with a quivering tide." The greatest force of water is to be seen at the Pauline Fountain, which has a very fine façade. It is near the church of St. Pietro in Montorio, which stands high, and from which we had an extensive view of the city and the hills beyond.

We noticed several flocks of goats each morning, with the goatherds in rustic garb. I see, however, that this is now a common sight in London, where milk is supplied by goats brought from the Pyrenees.

Among the favourite articles purchased for presents are the Roman pearls, made of alabaster. There is also the brooch containing a representation of Pliny's doves, a famous mosaic in the museum of the Capitol.

We made a point of calling here, as in other places, at the depôt of the British and Foreign Bible Society, which occupies a prominent position in the Corso. We ascertained that about 2000 copies of the Scriptures or portions had been disposed of in six months. A considerable number of copies of the Greek Testament are sold to the seminaries.

The Italian Times is published in English once a week at Rome, and we saw one or two copies of it, but our favourite paper was L'Italie, published daily in French, from which we picked up the most recent English news before we saw it in the London papers.

I must not, however, linger longer over my description of Rome. We did not attempt to see everything, but without undue hurry we made ourselves fairly acquainted with the leading objects of interest, leaving the examination of them in detail to some future time.

It was a privilege to have been permitted even for a few days to tread the streets of a city with such deeply interesting associations. Let us hope that under her present government she may gradually recover from the state of degradation into which she fell under the Papal sway, and that her inhabitants may in growing numbers be brought into the liberty of Christ's gospel.

As I have said already, we took the night train for Naples. When it passed San Germano in the early morning, we strained our eyes to get a sight of the famous Monastery on Monte Casino, but it was hardly visible. Capua was the next important place,

which has a fine Cathedral. Then came Caserta, with its magnificent Royal Palace, of which we had a good view, and shortly after, on the left, Monte Somma and Vesuvius, with its white curling smoke, appeared in view. It is a long drive from the station at Naples to the Hotel Royal near the bay, which was our destination. As we drove for a great part of the way along the quay we had a good insight at once into Naples life. We noticed that a large number of the men were working with bare legs.

As the day was fine, we thought it best to accomplish Vesuvius at once. Our circular tour coupons had not embraced Naples, and we had consequently procured supplementary tickets at a somewhat reduced rate, but these did not include Vesuvius, so we booked afresh, our tickets including the charge for a two-horse carriage to the point where the steep ascent begins and the railway fare. The cost was 25 francs each. The suburbs of Naples, including Portici and Resini, seemed interminable. The road was a spacious thoroughfare, paved with large smooth stones, and it was thronged with trams, omnibuses, and every kind of vehicle. The harness of the horses

drawing the wine carts had much brass about it in fantastic shapes, and consequently was very conspicuous. It was not unusual to see about thirteen people in a conveyance drawn by one poor horse, some sitting and others standing. On this road we saw a horse, an ox, and an ass voked together. Most of the animals were very sorry creatures. I believe. however, that there is a society here as at Rome for the protection of animals. All along the road the people were outside their doors at their customary handicrafts, women spinning with the distaff, shoemakers, blacksmiths, and other artificers, including macaroni makers. Long wormy strings of dirty-looking flour were hanging on frames. Of course beggars abounded of every description. When at length we got to the end of the houses we began gradually to ascend, passing vineyards, and looking upon a district which showed signs of its volcanic origin. On our way up a youth fastened upon us, whom we employed to gather a few ferns. At length we reached the Hermitage and then the Observatory, after a drive of nearly four hours. At one point we procured a glass of the wine called Lacryma Christi. At the restaurant of the Observatory we found

a good déjeûner or lunch ready for us, and then we entered the solitary railway carriage by which the ascent of the steepest part is now made, though we noticed that one party of tourists preferred the old method of climbing. While one carriage ascends another descends, and there seemed to be an engine house above and below. The railway is worked on the principle of an endless wire-rope carried over rollers. It looks like a ladder against the mountain. On leaving the carriage we were beset with guides, one of whom took us to the chief points of interest. We had not very far to walk before we came to the crater which became extinct after the eruption of 1872. was covered with sulphur crust of various colours. A little beyond was the great sight of the active crater, belching forth at intervals stones, lava, and ashes with a loud explosion. We were only about a hundred feet distant from the opening, and another man, in the form of a guide, who had attached himself to us, offered to rush to its edge just after an explosion, having two copper coins with which he made impressions on the hot lava after it was thrown up, and then brought it to us.

But this was not all. We were taken some distance down the other side of the mountain, where a wonderful sight presented itself. A broad fiery torrent of molten lava was pouring down, the flame being of a rich blue and red colour. We were told that this was only seen occasionally. Then another guide appeared, and would help us up the ascent, as we were struggling through the loose, dusty ashes, sinking in at every step. Thus we found that several laid claim to fees, and for once we did not feel to mind being slightly imposed upon, as we had seen a great sight once for all in our lives.

But what of the view? Goethe declared that one look westward, that is towards Naples, repaid all the toil of the ascent. But the prospect is most extensive. To the right are the lava fields; behind is Mont Somma, which exhausted itself in overwhelming Pompeii, which lies to the extreme left. More than 4000 feet below is the bay, with Capri in the centre. The descent, of course, occupied us a much shorter time than the ascent; and we found ourselves at our hotel about five o'clock.

The next day was Sunday, and we walked up the Via Roma, or Toledo, as it used to be

called, in the direction of the Cathedral. It is a very long street, and it was teeming with life. Almost all the shops were open. Even priests were to be seen making purchases at stalls. Soap and writing paper and countless other things were being hawked about the streets. We came across statues of Dante and Poerio and several Piazzas. In due time we reached the Cathedral, celebrated for the shrine of S. Januarius, in which there is a kneeling statue of Cardinal Carafa, in pure Carrara marble, some parts of which are almost semi-transparent. We noticed a number of people kneeling at the principal altar of the church, and kissing something which the priest held to their lips. It was doubtless the phial containing the blood of S. Januarius, which had recently performed the miracle of liquefaction! In one church I saw a number of children kissing a small picture of our Lord, in which the sacred heart was represented. We visited the church of San Severo, in which there are some marvellous pieces of statuary, including a veiled figure, and the entombed Christ.

We walked through several narrow streets, without causeways, which were much crowded,

and it was with some difficulty that we kept out of the way of the numerous vehicles. Here we met a funeral. The mourners were entirely enveloped in a white covering, in which holes were left for the eyes. The coffin was borne aloft on the head of a man in a tidy working dress.

There was rather a small attendance at the English Church, which is a large handsome building. The site was presented by Garibaldi, when Dictator in 1860.

Later in the day we found an orderly crowd in the Chiaja, which was just beyond our hotel, skirting the bay, and is the favourite promenade in Naples. I omitted to state that the quays presented a very lively appearance in the morning, though it was Sunday. Earthenware jars were being brought up in great numbers from a fountain of mineral water, which is situated near the landing place for boats. Glasses of this water have an enormous sale. Outside one of the churches near the quay a man, with a decorated sash round his shoulders, was holding out a flat round loaf, on which to receive contributions for the poor, and a large picture was displayed representing a distribution of bread.

The next morning we naturally decided to visit Pompeii. Some accomplish Vesuvius and Pompeii in one day, but this is, perhaps, rather too much. We went first, as is usual. to the famous museum in Naples, because it contains so much that was taken from Herculaneum and Pompeii. Here are frescoes and paintings, beautiful bronzes, household gods, cooking vessels, surgical instruments, loaves of bread, papyrus rolls, and countless other objects of interest. There is an encrusted skeleton exactly presenting the appearance of a human body in size and form. In addition to articles from the buried cities there are crystals and curiosities from every part of the world, and the last I would name, though not the least, is the Farnese bull, discovered in the baths of Caracalla, near Rome. hewn from a single block of marble. the museum we met with a most obliging Englishman, who is preparing a work on its contents, and he guided us through several rooms.

About nine we took the train to Pompeii. Not far from the station a grassy mound is seen, behind which is the city. After partaking of a little refreshment at the Hotel

Diomede we proceeded to view the ruins or, more strictly speaking, the remains of the buried city. Entering by the Porta della Marina, and following a route which enabled us to see everything of importance, we thus made a circuit of the city, so far as it has been opened up. Much remains to be done; and we came upon houses with bright frescoes upon them, which had only been laid bare a few days. We threaded our way through innumerable streets, past houses, temples, and other public buildings. Most of the houses have names. There are the houses of Niobe, of the Faun, of Diomede, of Sallust, and so on. There are baking ovens to be seen, and the marks of drinking vessels on the stone counters of the wine shops. In the streets there are side pavements for foot passengers, and generally three fixed stepping stones at the end of a street. There are the impressions of carriage wheels in the pavement. In one spot you have a group of magnificent ruins-the Forum, Temples of Venus and Jupiter, and the Basilica, or Court of Justice. At a short distance is the ruin of the theatre. Perhaps the most interesting part of all is the street of tombs. Many of

these tombs are elaborately decorated with bas-reliefs and friezes.

We did not visit the amphitheatre, which is some little distance from the rest of the excavations. It appears that Pompeii was really covered with enormous masses of lapili and dust of pumice stone rather than lava.

It is not supposed that a very large number of persons perished, but that most of the inhabitants had managed to escape. Many women, however, appear to have been overwhelmed in the catastrophe. It is sad to reflect upon the moral condition of the city when destruction overtook it, as there are many proofs of the abominations committed. Few, I imagine, visit Herculaneum. It is to be found under one of the suburbs of Naples, and consists chiefly of a number of subterranean passages.

We drove from Pompeii to Castellamare, which is beautifully situated in the bay, at the foot of a wooded hill. Here there is a Church service in the winter, supplied by the Colonial and Continental Church Society. From this place we took the train to Naples.

Our day's work, however, was not over. We hired a conveyance to the castle of St. Elmo, which crowns the heights above the city. Here is the church of St. Martino. which is said to be of surpassing beauty, being literally a mass of marble, fresco, and mosaic. Unfortunately it was closed for the day when we arrived. We were amply repaid, however, for our ascent by the splendid view which we had from a particular point under the castle. There is an old saying, "See Naples and die." I has been suggested to me, however, that the original sentence did not speak of death, but rather of delay or lingering, the Latin word for delay being somewhat like that which is used for death. However this may be, the scene was enchanting, and it led Rogers to exclaim :-

"This region, surely, is not of the earth.
Was it not dropt from heaven?"

As another writer has expressed it, "There is mighty Vesuvius on the right, and the fair shores of the bay sweeping round on the one hand by Portici and Castellamare to Capri, and on the other by Pozzuoli and Misenum to romantic Ischia." We were tempted here to buy a bottle of the Chartreuse liqueur, said to have been made at a neighbouring monastery. Here I would mention that in Naples and

elsewhere we saw great numbers of mendicant friars with shaven heads and brown habits. Some of them solicited alms as we met them.

We descended to the Chiaja by a long, fine, winding road, called Corso Vittoria Emmanuele.

The next day we determined to visit the island of Capri and the Blue Grotto. We found that rival steamers were starting, and we managed to get into the smallest and We called at Sorrento, which is delightfully situated, with beautiful surroundings, being bordered by deep ravines on three sides. From this place we made at once for the Blue Grotto, which is in the island of Capri. We entered under a low rugged arch. in small boats, lying on our backs, and found ourselves in a fairy cave, in which everything appears silvered over, and tinted with blue. A youth who dived under the deep blue water for our benefit presented quite a silvery appearance.

We then steamed to the landing-place of the island. Capri, as seen in the distance, is a wild and rugged mass of rock, but on a near approach its beauties become visible. The village is considered to have an Oriental appearance. On landing we proceeded to an hotel, where we found an excellent déjeuner ready for us. Afterwards we ascended, past smiling gardens and vineyards, to a point from which we had a good view of the ruins of the palaces of Tiberius. We also saw the fort of Frederick of Barbarossa and some ruins of baths. The English once built a fort here. The girls of the place presented a picturesque appearance with bright-coloured handkerchiefs round their heads and bare feet. They were selling coral necklaces and other articles.

Our small steamer rolled tremendously on her return to Naples. The wind was not high, but there was a swell, which may be peculiar to the Mediterranean. We were very sorry not to have a day to spare for the western side of the bay, though we had a fair view of the coast from the Capri steamer. In this direction lie Virgil's Tomb, the Grotto of Posilipo, the volcanic Solfatara, Baiæ, of which Horace was so fond, and lastly Pozzuoli, the ancient Puteoli, where St. Paul landed on his way to Rome. Naples is certainly an interesting place in which to linger. In the crowded city there is the wonderful street-life (I omitted to

mention as one of its features, the letterwriters sitting under the porticoes); while the eye never wearies of looking towards the extensive bay, with its fringe of glittering white houses, or upon majestic Vesuvius, with its white plume of smoke by day and beacon-fire by night.

Another fair and very attractive city, however, invites us, that is Florence. In returning to Rome from Naples we had to go by the same railway which brought us there. We took the night train, and the only place of any importance which we passed in the morning was Velletri, famous for its wine. We found Chianti, however, to be the popular wine, and it is to be recommended. It is sold in flasks at the railway stations. Here I may mention that we were everywhere struck with the custom of training the vines to hang festoons between the trees, which has a very pleasing effect. We only tarried an hour or two in Rome, and spent the greater part of the day in travelling to Florence through beautiful scenery. We passed Orte, picturesquely situated on the Tiber, and several other interesting towns. At one point we were close to the famous Lake Thrasymene. where Hannibal obtained his great victory over the Romans. Before reaching Florence we had a very distant view of Vallombrosa, referred to by Milton, and a nearer one of Fiesole, with its campanile, enthroned on a hill. Our hotel at Florence was on the Lung Arno, near the Trinita Bridge, which is adorned with statues. A little higher up is the Ponte Vecchio, covered with a street of jewellers' shops, while above runs a gallery connecting two palaces.

Our first day in Florence happened to be Ascension Day. All the shops and some of the public buildings were closed, and the city was en fête. There was a great sale at different points in the streets of beetles in very tiny cages, each having a lettuce leaf inside.

The Cathedral of Florence has the largest dome in the world. The exterior of the church is composed of white, black, and green marble, and the interior is on a very large scale. The lofty campanile is covered with every kind of coloured marble, and has on it numerous basreliefs. We heard special music that day in the Cathedral. The Baptistery stands near, an octagonal building with a large dome,

which is studded inside with mosaics. It has a famous bronze door, by Ghiberti, with Scripture subjects beautifully wrought upon it. Michael Angelo said it was "worthy to be the gate of Paradise." Here we witnessed a baptism. The priest, we noticed, placed his finger at the back of the child's neck before the ceremony of sprinkling took place.

The Pitti Palace, which we visited next, is remarkably handsome, and contains a large number of interesting objects. The famous Boboli Gardens belong to it.

In the afternoon, we drove to the hill of St. Miniato, where there is a fine church and a terrace, on which is a magnificent bronze statue of David, by Michael Angelo. The charm of the terrace, however, is the splendid view of the city which is to be had from it. Well might Rogers say:—

"Of all the fairest cities of the earth, None is so fair as Florence."

We looked down upon this fairest of cities. Its palaces and churches and intersecting river were at our feet, and in all directions white villas spread over the plain or covered the heights around, while in the background there rose the majestic Appenines.

A fine winding drive brought us to the level of the city again, and we drove to the beautiful park and green woods of the Cascine. The shaded avenues were crowded with people, and there were to be fireworks in the evening.

The next day we visited the famous Medici Chapel, which contains the tombs of the The new sacristy is full of Medici princes. the work of Michael Angelo. There are two beautiful statues personifying Day and Night. Santa Croce was also visited, the Westminster Abbey of Florence. Here is the tomb of Michael Angelo, with his bust, and statues of Sculpture, Architecture, and Painting. There are also monuments to Dante, Alfieri, and Galileo. Another monument to Dante stands in the piazza of the church. At the corner of one of the piazzas there is a loggia, or raised arcade. containing several fine groups of sculpture.

We saw other objects of interest which cannot be enumerated, leaving to the last what is considered the great sight of all, the celebrated Uffizi and Pitti galleries. In the former of these the gems are collected in one room called the Tribune. Here is the famous statue of the Venus de Medici, wonderful for the refined nobility of the countenance, and

the graceful dignity of the attitude. There are other grand pieces of sculpture in this room, and well-known paintings by Raphael and others. In the Pitti gallery there are the Halls of Venus, Apollo, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Flora, and other magnificent chambers, with allegorical frescoes on the ceilings, and hung with the works of Murillo, Titian, Salvator Rosa, and other great masters.

But we could not linger in the fair city. An afternoon train took us to Bologna. principal place passed en route was Pistoja, a cutlery town where pistols were first made. We then began to ascend several thousands of feet, and we saw on the height above us a viaduct, which we afterwards crossed. After we had journeyed an hour and a half, we still saw Pistoja in the plain below. Bologna presents rather a gloomy aspect, with its high houses and somewhat narrow streets. Colonnades are so general that you can walk through whole streets under cover. In the church of St. Petronio there is a meridian line on the pavement. Bologna possesses two leaning towers, which stand close together. The chief thing, however, to be seen here is the enormous Campo Santo, some little distance from

the town, in which you walk for hours under cover, between rows of statues and marble tablets. Some of the sculpture is remarkably fine. We brought away small tins containing slices of the famous Bologna sausages. But there is a smack about them which does not generally commend itself to English tastes.

In the journey from Bologna to Venice we passed two interesting old University towns—Ferrara and Padua. As we approached Venice the land became marshy, and we passed by long stagnant pools of water. At length we rushed over the very long row of arches which connects the city with the land, and we found ourselves at the station.

"There is a glorious city in the sea,
The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
Ebbing and flowing; and the salt sea-weed
Clings to the marble of her palaces.
No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,
Tend to her gates."

It was strange to find black gondolas with black awnings instead of omnibuses to convey us to our destination. There is not a horse or carriage to be seen in the place. Gently we glided to our hotel on the Grand Canal, immediately opposite the massive domed church of St. Maria della Salute. Before

dinner we visited this and also St. Mariade Frari, the Westminster Abbey of Venice. Here is the tomb of Titian, with relievos of some of his most celebrated pictures, and figures of Painting, Architecture, and Sculpture. Opposite is the tomb of Canova, erected from his own design. The figures of the mourners are very fine.

After dinner we strolled into the Piazza St. Mark. It is surrounded with shops and cafés, and presented a busy scene that Saturday night. It is, perhaps, the finest square in the world, though not the largest.

On Sunday morning we visited the Cathedral of St. Mark, a remarkable combination of the Gothic and Oriental styles. The pavement of mosaic work is very uneven. The ceiling is a mass of mosaic, and the altar is richly embellished with marbles and precious stones. There was nothing of special interest in the service that morning. We found a good congregation at the English service, which is held in a handsome room on the Grand Canal. The sermon was from the words "Verily Thou art a God that hidest Thyself," which the preacher applied at once to the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

Seeing a box outside to receive contributions for an industrial ragged school, I made a point of going to visit it at once. It was some little distance from the church, and I had to turn several corners. At length I reached the place, but, to my surprisethough it was one o'clock-I did not find a single child there; though from the number of beds, I concluded that the house had many A woman took me round, but I could not learn from her where the children were. I understood afterwards that they were at the Sunday school, at that unusual hour. This school is supported, as an experiment, chiefly by English benevolence, and has been much opposed by the priests. A somewhat similar institution is about to be founded in the island of Capri. As there was no second service at the English Church, we attended a Scotch service. Having been requested to collect at the close, and finding no box or plate. I handed round my felt hat, with a good collection as the result. In the evening we looked into the same room and found a considerable number of men and a few women assembled for an Italian evangelistic service.

The next morning, before breakfast, we took a gondola to see the Ponte Rialto, the most famous of the 400 bridges. It is covered with shops, and spans the Grand Canal with a single arch. It is quaint and solid, and is ornamented with bas-reliefs. All along the sides of the canal high posts are to be seen. generally painted blue and white, with slightly ornamental tops, to which the gondolas are moored. Across a broad expanse of water is the church of St. Giorgio Maggiore, with a large dome, and approached by a handsome flight of steps. The choir stalls are of matchless workmanship, and the church abounds in marble and bronze works, statutes, and paintings.

After breakfast we visited the Academy of Fine Arts, chiefly in order to see Titian's masterpiece, the Assumption of the Virgin, one of the three greatest paintings in the world. The subject is not a pleasing one to Protestants, but as a work of art it is most striking and beautiful. In the same room are displayed Titian's first and last works.

We had left to the last the Doge's Palace. Landing at the Piazzetto of St. Mark, and passing between the two famous columns, one of which bears the winged lion, we entered the courtyard and ascended by the giant's and the golden staircases, past the Lion's Mouth, famed in history, to the Sala del Maggiore Consiglio, one of the finest rooms in Europe. On one of the walls is Tintoretto's Paradise. the largest oil painting in the world, and containing 700 figures. The inquisition chamber and other rooms were duly visited, and then we descended to the Pozzi or wells, a series of dark, damp, dungeons, which were often flooded. We then ascended to the celebrated Bridge of Sighs, so called because no one ever crossed it to return. Two striking objects in the piazza have not been named, the campanile and the clock tower. The former is lofty, and has a sculptured base. The latter has a clock which marks the hours and the phases of the moon, also marionettes which appear at certain times. At two o'clock every day the pigeons of St. Mark are fed with the greatest regularity at the expense of the Government. We noticed, too, that visitors and others came supplied with Indian corn for this purpose. It was pleasing to see the pigeons perching on the hands of young English ladies, and feeding from them. The façade of St. Mark's Church is adorned with very fine mosaics, and with statues and statuettes. The four bronze horses were partly concealed by scaffolding, in connection, I suppose, with the restoration which is going on, and which has created so much attention. Immediately before the portico three Venetian masts are conspicuous, bearing banners.

On Monday afternoon we left somewhat reluctantly for Verona. Our faces were now turned homewards. Verona was reached by about six, and we availed ourselves of the two remaining hours of daylight to drive round the interesting city. It is well situated with the Adige rushing through it, and blue mountains in the background. Our principal object in coming here was to see the celebrated amphitheatre, which is more perfectly preserved than almost any specimen of Roman architecture. Seventy-two massive arches remain. and forty-five ranges of white marble seats rise tier upon tier, in an unbroken circle. Here, as at the Colosseum, in the presence of seventy-two thousand spectators, many a human victim fell dead.

"Butchered to make a Roman holiday."
We visited the church of St. Zeno, at the

extreme end of the city. The walls are formed of layers of brick and marble. There is an ancient figure of St. Zeno in the church, an immense vase of porphyry, and other curiosi-The campanile as usual stands apart from the church. In another part of the city we saw the Scaliger monuments, a remarkable group of four equestrian figures in metal. There are interesting palaces and bridges; but our two hours soon came to an end, and we were glad to have some dinner at our hotel "Due Torri," or "The Two Towers." It has a large courtyard, and round the house run open galleries, from which the various apartments are entered. After dinner we looked into the Cathedral, and found a congregation coming out after some singing. They were putting out the lights, so that we could not see much of it. In some of the churches which we entered, here or elsewhere, we found the pillars covered with a sort of red damask, but I cannot say that I liked the effect.

We took a train soon after midnight for Milan and Turin. In the early morning we passed the town of Brescia, which is picturesquely situated, with wooded hills behind it, and high mountains in the distance. We

soon came to Milan, which we had seen before. and, after passing Novara and Vercelli, we reached Turin about the middle of the day. The afternoon was spent in leisurely surveying some of the leading objects of interest. The Cathedral was duly visited. Here is exhibited in a glass case a small portion of the linen cloth in which it is said the body of the Saviour was embalmed. We also saw a Pantheon-like church called Gran Madre di Dio, situated just at the other side of the Po. where it is crossed by a fine bridge. The streets are wide, and constructed at right angles. In one part there are long arcades. full of shops. We ascended to the Capuchin monastery, from which we had a magnificent view of the city and the whole range of the Alps beyond, from Monte Rosa to Mont Cenis. Another height, from which I believe a still better view is obtained, is La Superga, surmounted by a splendid dome, which makes it a most conspicuous object for many miles. We saw a new Jewish synagogue being constructed of very large dimensions, and in the Oriental style of architecture. The Waldensian church, with its two pinnacles, stands well in the Corso del Re. a wide road planted

with trees. The church of Turin has been called the mother and mistress of all the young Italian churches, and it is considered that if Italy is to be evangelized it will be through the instrumentality of the Vaudois Church. The chambermaid at the Hotel de Ligurie, to whom I presented one of the Gospels in Italian, said pleasantly, Je suis evangelique. I may add that the few portions of the Scriptures and the tracts which I distributed were, with one exception, exceedingly well received, both by men and women. We found here long thin crisp sticks of bread called grissini, from a physician of that name who invented them for easy digestion.

The next morning I was awoke by what sounded the most terrible clap of thunder I ever heard. This was our only thunderstorm. At ten o'clock we took the train for Paris. We had grand scenery almost all the way to Macon. It took us about half an hour to pass through the Mont Cenis tunnel, and then we descended to Modane, where a mild searching of luggage took place. Chambery was the next important place, and then came Aix les Bains, situated near Lake Bourget. It is largely frequented by the English and others

for its sulphur baths. We had pleasant travelling companions for the night, and reached Paris about six in the morning.

The same day saw us again in London. iust three weeks and two days from the time of our departure. We had been told that there was fever at Rome and Naples, and that the month of May was rather late to visit these places. I thought it well to take a few quinine pills as a slight precaution, but we did not suffer at all in health, and were truly thankful to find ourselves in England safe and sound. We had seen very much to charm the eye in nature and art, but we were not more favourably impressed with what we saw of Romish worship. Perhaps one reason why the Lord's Day is desecrated on the Continent by so much work and pleasure seeking is that there is so little to satisfy the mind or to reach the heart in the preaching and ceremonies. We were continually reminded of home by coming across Hotel Bristol everywhere, even in the island of Capri. We found Rogers's "Italy" a very pleasant and instructive travelling companion. Gaze's small Guide is very useful for a short tour.

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